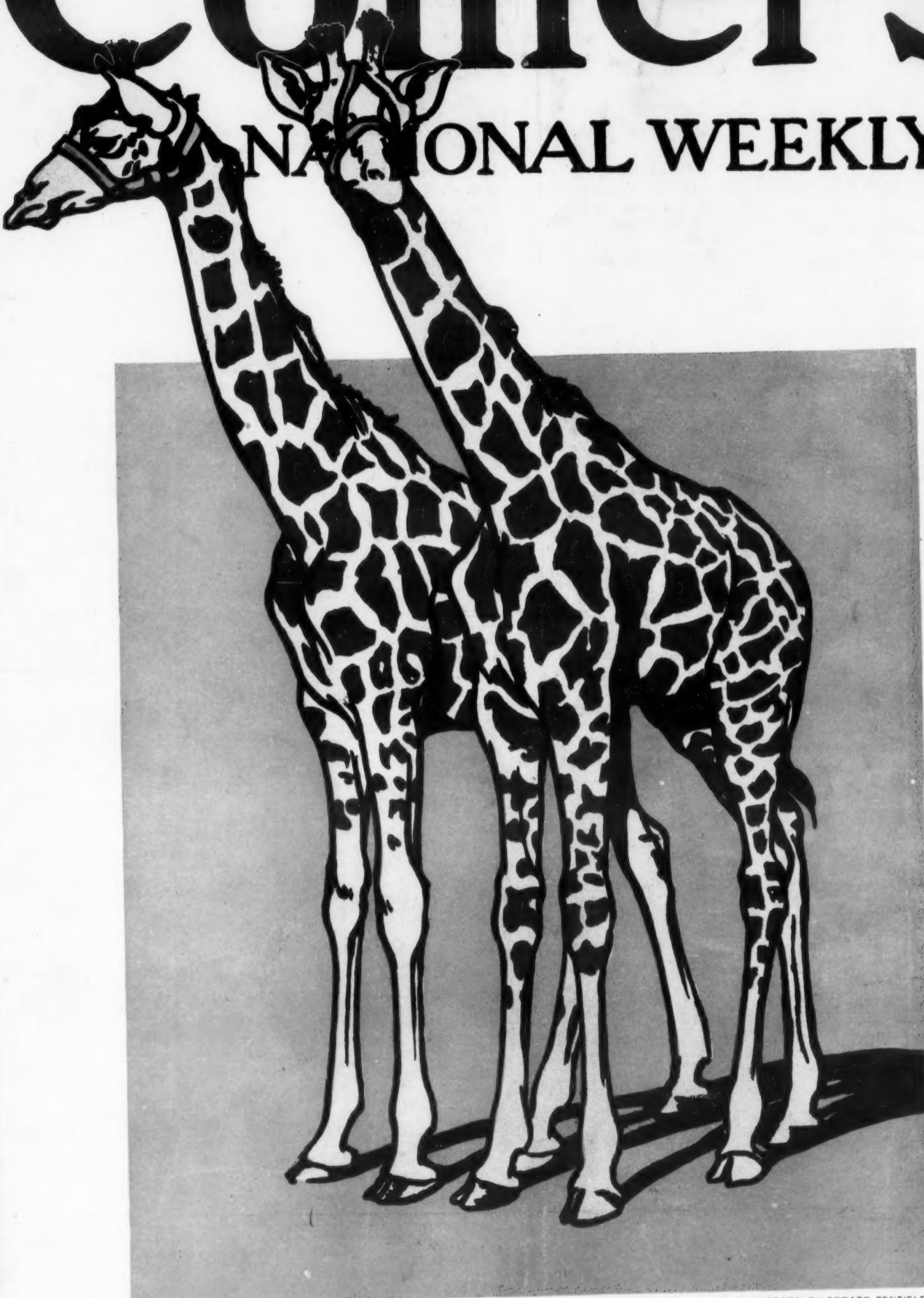


Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY



Reo the Fifth-\$1,055

It Took 25 Years to Build It

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have spent 25 years in building automobiles. Reo the Fifth is my 24th model.

I have watched every improvement, all the world over, from the very start of this industry.

I have had actual experience with tens of thousands of cars, under every condition that motorists meet.

All I have learned in those 25 years is embodied in this car. And I know of no other engineer in the business who builds cars as I build this.

My Precautions

What I mean is this:

The need for infinite care, for utter exactness, for big margins of safety is taught by experience only.

Countless things which theory approves are by use proved insufficient.

Splendid cars fall down on little points. The maker corrects them. Then something else shows unexpected shortcomings.

Perfection is reached only through endless improvements. It comes only with years of experience. Were I buying a car I would want it built by the oldest man in the business.

For Example

All the steel I use is analyzed, so I know its exact alloy.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine with 50 tons' capacity. Thus I know to exactness what each gear will stand. I used to test

them, as others do, with a hammer.

I use Nickel Steel for the axles and driving shaft, and make them much larger than necessary. These parts can't be too strong.

I use Vanadium Steel for connections.

One after another I have cut out ball bearings, because they don't stand the test. I use roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt High Duty. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car, and two are in the fan.

I test my magneto under tremendous compression, and for ten hours at a time. My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water. Half the troubles come from low grade gasoline, and this double heating avoids them.

I insist on utter exactness, a thousand inspections, tests of every part. As a result, errors don't develop when the car gets on the road.

Costly Care

I give to the body the same care as the chassis, for men like impressive cars.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is deep. It is made of genuine leather and filled with hair.

The lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. I finish each car like a show car.

The wheels are large, the car is over-tired. The wheel base is long, the tonneau is roomy, there is

plenty of room for the driver's feet.

All the petty economies, which are so common, are avoided in Reo the Fifth.

My Level Best

This car embodies the best I know. It is built, above all, to justify men's faith in my designing.

Not one detail has been stinted. Not one could be improved by me if the car was to sell for \$2,000.

Reo the Fifth marks my limit. I will yield my place as the dean of designers to a man who can build a car better.

Center Control No Side Levers

In this car I bring out my new center control. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle less than three inches in each of four directions.

There are no side levers, so the entrance in front is clear. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch.

This fact permits of the left side drive. The driver may sit, as he should sit, close to the car as it passes—on the up side of the road. This was formerly possible in electric cars only.

The Little Price

The initial price on this car has been fixed at \$1,055. But our con-

tracts with dealers provide for instant advance.

This price, in the long run, I regard as impossible. It is based on maximum output, on minimum cost for materials.

We have a model factory, splendidly equipped. Our output is enormous. We have spent many years in cutting cost of production. And this year we save about 20 per cent by building only one chassis in this great plant.

We can undersell others, and always will. But the present price is too low under average conditions. I am sure it must be advanced, and those who delay must expect it.

This car will never be skimped, while I build it, to keep within an altruistic price.

You Can See It In a Thousand Towns

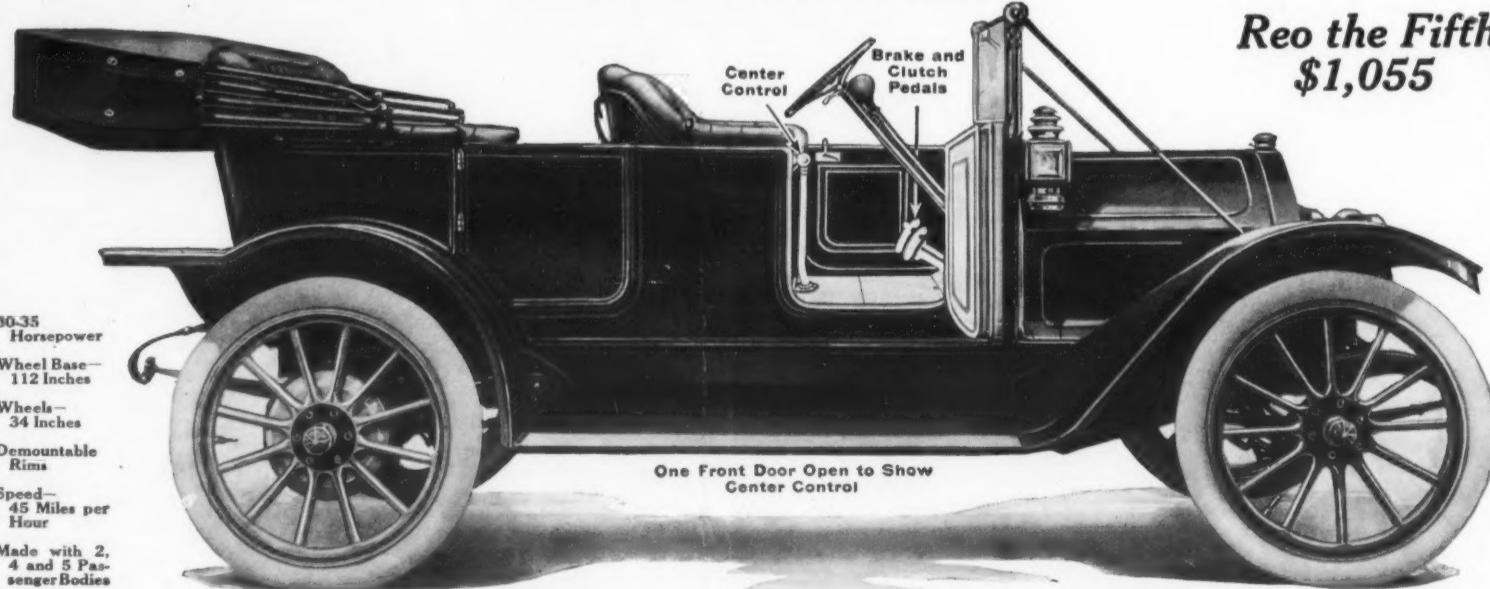
We have dealers in a thousand towns. When you write us for catalog we will tell you the nearest.

Write today for this book. It pictures the various up-to-date bodies, and shows all the interesting facts. The Roadster type sells for \$1,000.

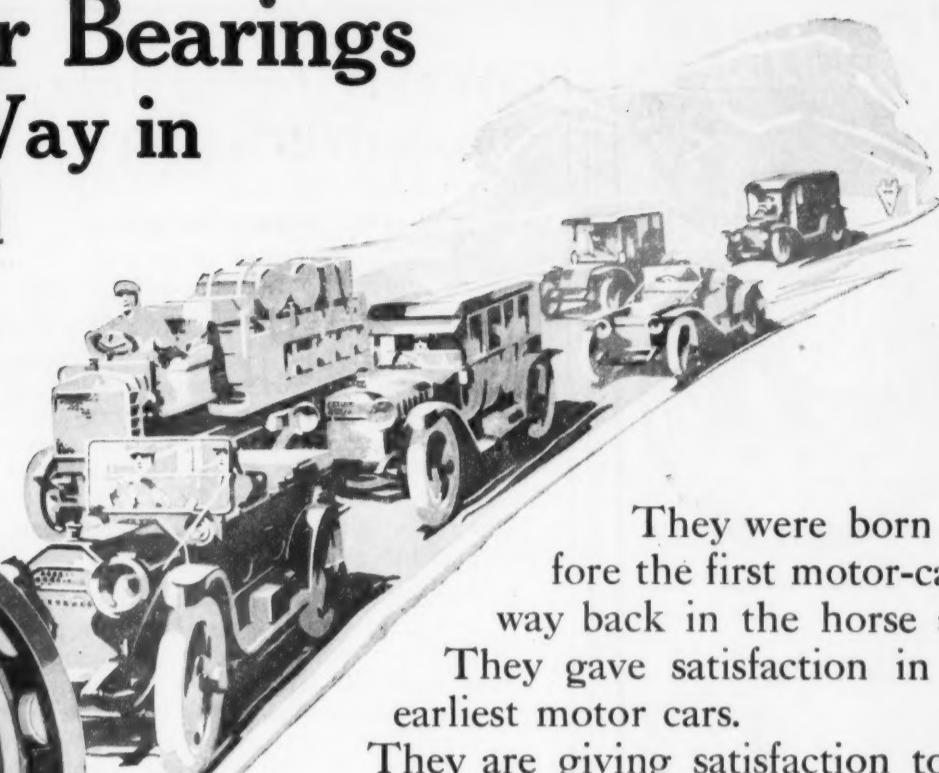
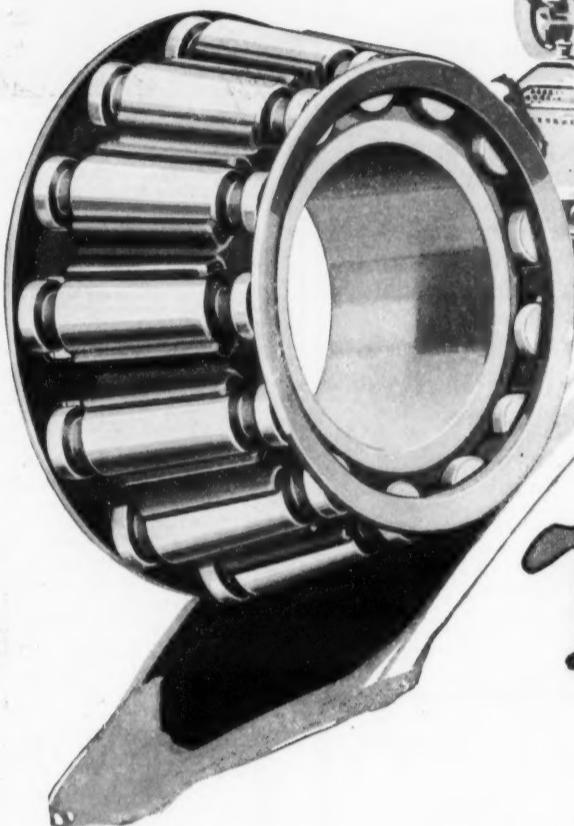
Never was a car in all my experience made so welcome as Reo the Fifth. Men miss a treat who fail to see this car. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario



Timken Roller Bearings Have Led the Way in Satisfactory and Economical Service



They were born before the first motor-car—way back in the horse age. They gave satisfaction in the earliest motor cars.

They are giving satisfaction today in more than a quarter of a million pleasure and commercial cars. Because they are right in principle.

TIMKEN BEARINGS & AXLES

Timken Bearings in a Motor Car Improve Service and Reduce Upkeep

Timken Bearings improve service because they are so designed that they do to the best advantage ALL the things which the bearings in a car must do.

They reduce friction loss almost to nothing.

They carry heavier load in proportion to their size—because they carry it along the whole length of rollers, not on the points of balls.

They meet side pressure or "end-thrust," because the rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft.

They show almost no wear—because the load is evenly distributed over a large enough area of contact.

Therefore they meet and take up the shocks, strains and stresses of travel.

They keep wheels from wobbling.

They keep shafts perfectly aligned and gears in mesh—insuring perfect transmission of power.

Timken Bearings reduce upkeep because they last longer and do not have to be replaced.

This is first of all, because they wear so little.

It is also because even that slight wear can be wholly taken up by adjustment—by advancing the cone into the cup.

Perfect adjustment is possible because all the surfaces are tapered and after adjustment meet in straight lines just as they did before.

The perfect alignment is assured in two ways:

By a pressed steel "cage" that guides the rollers on the cone.

By the two ribs on the cone that hold the alignment of the rollers when under load.

Non-adjustable bearings steadily give worse service, till at last they are beyond help and must be replaced bodily.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings of proper size, properly mounted and properly cared for, outlast the car, and give continuous good service.

For more than fourteen years the Timken Roller Bearing Axle (made at Canton, Ohio) has been giving satisfactory service in horse-drawn vehicles.



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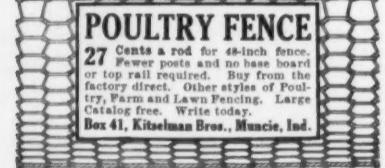
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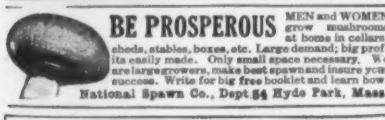


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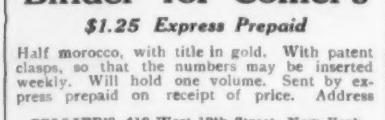
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Binder for Collier's

\$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIERS, 416 West 13th Street, New York

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 65

I AM GLAD to see the announcement that hereafter three more New York newspapers will not accept patent medicine advertising.

If this refusal to allow fraudulent and questionable advertising is strictly adhered to, I predict that these papers will find, as has every publisher who has "cleaned up" his advertising columns, and kept them clean, that the move is not only one of simple honesty due their readers, but a profitable one besides.

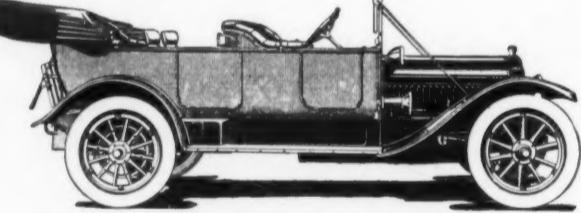
For it is only as people can have confidence in the advertising they see in a publication that they will purchase the things they see advertised. A fraudulent patent medicine advertisement detracts from the success of every legitimate advertisement in the publication; but eliminating every doubtful advertisement gives added confidence in every advertisement that is published.

That this is a matter of simple honesty due their readers is easy for anybody to see.

What is hard for some publishers to see is that it also pays to be honest with your readers.

T. B. Catterton.
Manager Advertising Department

WHITE Self-Starting MOTOR CARS



WHITE Motor Cars are equipped with an electric starting and lighting system that is characteristic of the car.

Absolutely efficient and dependable, the White Starting and Lighting System embodies the same principles of simplicity in design, construction and operation that have made White Motor Cars distinctive from all others.

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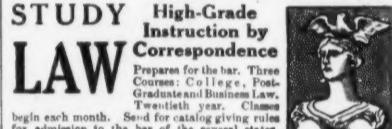


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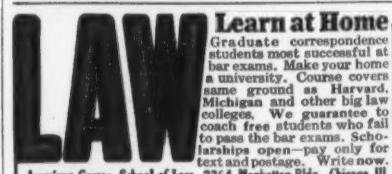
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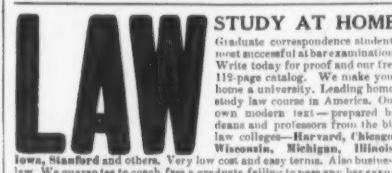
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They Fit so well you Forget They're There

The name PARIS on each Garter guarantees satisfaction

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The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.

The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.

If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.
THE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York

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Your haberdasher probably can show you the entire line as well as his regular assortment of Cheney tubular, all-silk, pin-proof, reversible cravats.

All our CHENEY SILKS in the neckband are marked

Also ask to see the new Cheney Silk Handkerchiefs—in white, colors and border effects; absorbent.

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Brand WATERPROOF
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YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN
SAME DULL FINISH SAME PERFECT FIT
SAME CORRECT STYLE SAME LINEN TEXTURE
All dealers. Collars 25c; Cuffs, 50c. Book Free.
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The largest limb factory in the world.
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Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump.
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Colliers
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY SATURDAY
APRIL 6, 1912
VOLUME XLIX NO. 3

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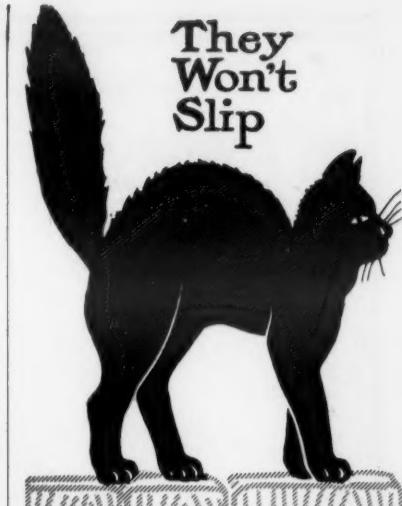
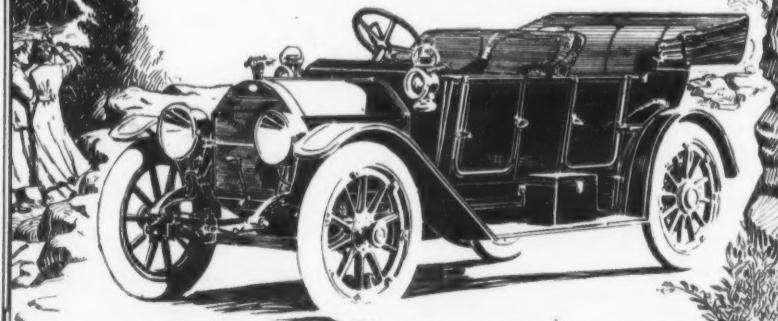
International Champion

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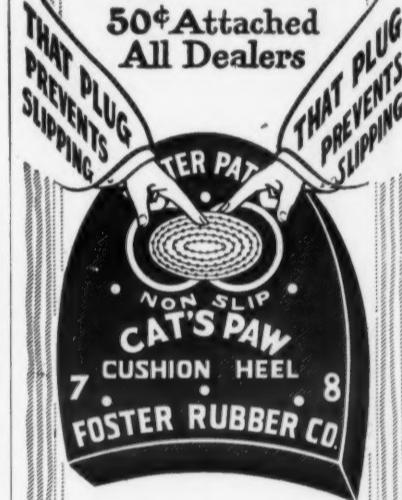


Simply a matter of choice between a heel that slips and one that won't.

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers



It is only natural that you should prefer Cat's Paw Rubber Heels—because the patented Friction Plug positively prevents slipping on wet sidewalks or pavements—that means safety.

But that is not all. The Friction Plug resists wear. And the extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency—meaning not only comfort but economy.

Then there is another added advantage which Cat's Paw Heels possess—they are no holes in the heel to track mud and dirt into the house.

Wherever you go—in all walks of life—you will find that the strongest advocates of Cat's Paw Rubber Heels are the millions who wear them year after year.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels of your dealer. The name is easy to remember—and best of all—they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will send you a Cat's Paw Bangl Pin free.

To The Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

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They call Easter, "Spring's Awakening;"—a good time to revive interest in your clothes. Our clothes help to make good acquaintances; they're good clothes to get acquainted with.

Send for book, Styles for Men.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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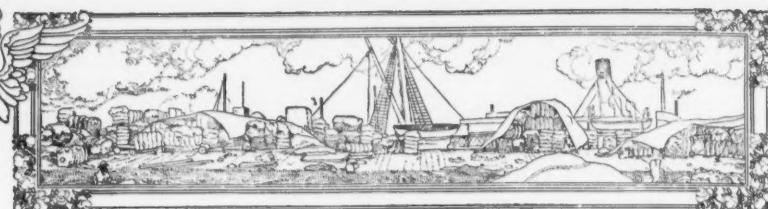


STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



DRAWN BY C. J. POST

Which Way?



CONSERVATISM

MARTIN VAN BUREN furnished proof that criticism of the courts is not a novelty when he said of judges that "their want of sympathy, as a general rule, for popular rights, is known throughout the world." Mayor GAYNOR, who was himself a judge, speaks of "absurd decisions of the Court of Appeals," and adds: "Enlightened opinion in the United States isn't going to stand for them much longer." Mr. ROOSEVELT is entirely correct in declaring that the strongest criticisms of our courts used by him are taken from judges themselves. Mr. Justice LURTON a while ago urged that no change be made in institutions which have made us for over a century "the most law-abiding people on the earth." Does he know the relative number of murders, convictions, and executions in this country and in England, or does he not? If no, why talk? If yes, what does he make that statement for? Perhaps for the same reason that makes him argue that the courts have not usurped ungranted powers. Mr. ROOSEVELT's plea that readiness to reform is the best defense against violence is unanswerable. Bar associations which have been fighting constitutional amendments to forbid upper courts to overthrow verdicts on idiotic technicalities are more dangerous than HAYWOOD. Judges like those in the Court of Appeals of New York, who, refusing to follow the Supreme Court of the United States, read insane meanings into "liberty," "property," and "due process of law," are more perilous than DARROW. Men like BRANDEIS, ROOSEVELT, and WOODROW WILSON conserve. It is the hangers back who obstruct, threaten, and destroy.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR

COLLIER'S DOES NOT SHARE the unfriendly view of the President. It credits him with attractive qualities and with certain admirable policies. About reciprocity he was right and most of the "progressives" altogether wrong. The arbitration treaties safeguarded our national interests sufficiently and were important for the welfare of the world. The Aldrich plan needs serious amendments for safety, and also serious enlargements, especially for cooperative agricultural credits, but the President's realization of the pressing need of its central principle is in favorable contrast with the insurgent position. The tariff board has done good. The efficiency board is needed and excellent. At the end of the Ballinger fight, the President put into the Cabinet as suitable a man as could be found in the whole United States. His appointment, not long after, of STIMSON, could not have been bettered.

The reasons why Mr. TAFT ought not to be renominated are nevertheless most weighty and most clear. First, and conclusive, three-quarters of his own party object to his renomination, and it is very dangerous to ride over the decided wishes of a large majority. We pass by concrete errors, like the Payne-Aldrich speeches, the Ballinger controversy, the abandonment of WILEY for WILSON, the veto of the wool bill, and come back to a general principle. This is a democracy and Mr. TAFT does not understand the majority or respond to it. He cannot hear the rumblings ahead. He does not realize with intensity what causes unrest in this country and what is hurrying us forward to troubles like those now being faced in England and in France. Only one thing can save us from sharp class conflict on a large scale. That one thing is unhesitating and rapid movement in the direction of the prevailing moral sense. Mr. TAFT's mind and his natural associations are hesitating and critical, while those of a leader to-day must be obedient, foreseeing, and reconstructive. Because, therefore, he lacks industrial vision, he cannot embody the popular desires and needs. For him to be forced upon the party, against the prevailing will, would controvert self-rule. It would embitter the mutterings, already loud, against government by privileged minorities.

RECALLING DECISIONS

POSSIBLE DEVICES for bringing the courts back to those powers originally granted to them are numerous. Mr. Justice HOLMES, in the Oklahoma bank case, giving the opinion of a united court, defined the police power, or power of the Legislature to pass measures intended to promote the general welfare. He said that it covered every measure approved by the prevailing moral sentiment. Colonel ROOSEVELT's suggestion is merely that, when the court fights the Legislature, the people shall say *which is right about their prevailing moral sentiment*. On that question their views might almost be deemed relevant, even by the Standpat mind!

VERY BAD ECONOMY

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, in passing the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, makes a cut of over a million dollars in the appropriation for the Forest Service. This will mean serious interruption in the building of roads, trails, bridges, and telephone lines

needed to call men quickly to the fires, and will be absolutely sure to mean great loss in lives and timber. Such economy is worthy of our deliberative assembly at the time when JOE CANNON was in his zenith.

POOR OLD HISTORY

OUR GRACEFUL AND ASTUTE fellow journalist, Colonel HARVEY, has published in the "North American Review" an article on "The Unwritten Law and the 'Great Emergency,'" in which he undertakes to show that WASHINGTON was opposed on principle to a third term. He quotes Judge JEREMIAH S. BLACK, who in 1880 said "WASHINGTON and MADISON acted throughout the session of the convention in steady opposition to unlimited reelections." We should be glad to know whether Colonel HARVEY thinks the allegation of a Pennsylvania judge made in 1880 of more importance than the written statement of WASHINGTON, who said to LAFAYETTE: "The matter was fairly discussed in the convention and to my full conviction." Can't we believe WASHINGTON when he writes: "I confess I differ widely myself from Mr. JEFFERSON and you, as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that office"? What is the joke? Did WASHINGTON lie about his position in the convention and his views about length of service?

PURE FOOD PROGRESS

IN SPITE OF SECRETARY WILSON, and in spite of the opposition of a small minority of food manufacturers, the public is winning its fight for higher standards. When it finds the Agricultural Department and the courts and Congress unwilling to give it all that it requires, it intelligently goes ahead to enforce its ideas through its own purchasing power. At Worcester, Massachusetts, during the recent exposition the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The resignation of Dr. WILEY from office is the most serious blow that could befall pure-food legislation, and was due to the impossibility of securing proper enforcement of the law as long as GEORGE B. McCABE and F. L. DUNLAP continue to serve in the Department of Agriculture; and, whereas, Dr. WILEY believes that the law should be enforced through the courts and for the benefit of the consumer.

Be it resolved, That the Worcester Pure Food and Domestic Science Exposition urges upon President TAFT the necessity of the immediate removal from office of Messrs. McCABE and DUNLAP, who by their actions have aided and abetted in the destruction of the Pure Food Law, and at the same time the reappointment to office of chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of Dr. HARVEY W. WILEY, who may be depended upon to conserve the interest of the consumer and the honest manufacturer in enforcing the law.

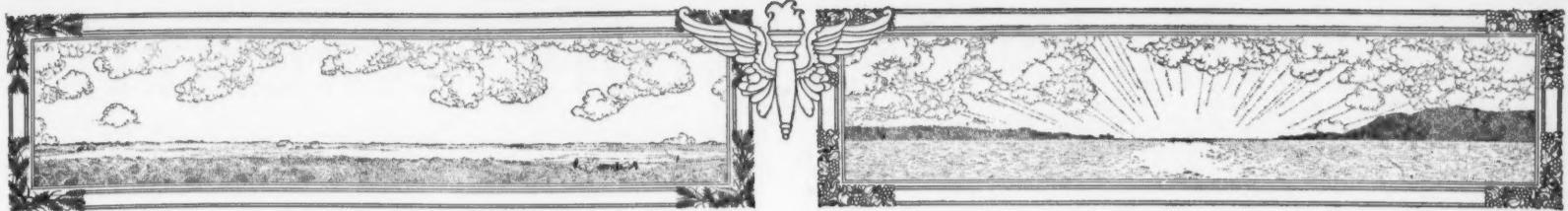
Like the movement in Westfield, already described in this paper, and the pure food exhibitions following it, which we have also narrated, the Worcester exposition is part of a well-directed popular uprising. The details of the Worcester Food Show will be described in COLLIER's two weeks hence by Professor ALLYN. Meantime, we wish enthusiastically to approve of the resolution adopted, and of the method which the consumer is beginning to adopt, of creating his own standards and enforcing them himself. In this connection may be mentioned the endorsement given to Dr. WILEY by the National Canners' Association. Resolutions by them have already been mentioned by us, and in their latest publication is included an address by President ROACH at the Rochester convention, in which he says: "His fearless and rigid enforcement of the Pure Food Law has been of inestimable value to the canned food industry because it has helped in a great measure to dissipate the unfair prejudices that have existed to a large extent in the minds of the consuming public." That is the attitude taken by manufacturers intelligent enough to see that their welfare in the long run is inseparable from the confidence and welfare of the general public.

THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER

THE MURDER of a Federal judge, who had sentenced a Virginia mountaineer, makes the violence of GEORGE BERNARD SHAW's "Blanco Posnet" look like a sacred concert. The mountaineer, whether of Virginia or Kentucky, reminds us of Mr. ROOSEVELT's observation in "The Winning of the West," that life away from civilization simply emphasizes the natural qualities of the individual—be they good or bad. To understand him, writes Mr. Fox, in "Blue Grass and Rhododendron":

You must go back to the social conditions and standards of the backwoods before the Revolution, for practically they are the backwoods people of pre-Revolutionary days. Many of their ancestors fought with ours for American independence. They were loyal to the Union for one reason that no historian seems ever to have guessed. For the loyalty of 1861 was, in great part, merely the transmitted loyalty of 1776, imprisoned like a fossil in the hills.

To no small extent is the gun toting of the contemporary mountaineer to be blamed upon habits formed by his father during those days of irregular warfare. The feud is based largely, however, on a privilege that the mountaineer, the world over, has most reluctantly surrendered:



the privilege of avenging his own wrongs. He resents the law's intrusions, partly, perhaps, because he himself enjoys few of the benefits of civilized society. He sees no reason why he should not distill moonshine whisky from his own corn, any more than his ancestors in Britain could have seen any wrong in their brewing heady mead against long evenings at home. In speech, the Southern mountaineer uses words and pronunciations that go back unchanged to CHAUCER. His daughters sing Scottish ballads with a Scottish accent, and in many of his customs, including that of hospitality, he remains a primitive.

THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT HEALTH

THE STATE OF VIRGINIA published in 1911 the first almanac ever issued in public health work, and it has just put out the almanac for 1912. The idea, it will be observed, is the one long acted upon by the patent-medicine people and now taken over to do good instead of harm. The new issue is extremely entertaining as well as useful, the pictorial side being as well done as the reading matter. It can be obtained from the Department of Health at Richmond. Kansas has followed this intelligent Virginia leadership with the acknowledgment that "The Virginia Health Almanac for 1912 is the most interesting, instructive, and useful public health pamphlet ever issued by any department of health in America." The Kansas almanac can be obtained from the Secretary of the Board of Health, Topeka, Kansas. In a contrast which is either amusing or painful, according to one's realization of the consequences, comes the Peruna Almanac for 1912, full of reliance on human ignorance and credulity. The symptoms which show that Peruna is necessary include pretty nearly everything from despondency to an inability to bear tight clothes around the waist. A splendid consistency is shown in the inclusion of an astrological department. Nerve, by the way, to say the least, is shown by an enterprising gentleman who begins an article in the newspapers, which is paid for but not marked advertising, with the following statement:

COLLIER's attack on all headache powders, pills, tablets, and effervescent drinks containing acetanilid has been of great educational value to the public, as it has informed them of the objectionable features of acetanilid as a heart depressant.

He then goes on to advertise a headache cure of his own.

The contest between progressive medical science and its opponents goes on quietly but persistently and fiercely. We noticed with regret that the League for Medical Freedom waged a campaign in Grand Rapids against a series of lectures in the public schools on "Tuberculosis and Its Prevention." This campaign might well have ended in victory had it not been that the Michigan Legislature in 1909 pronounced tuberculosis a communicable disease, and a previous statute required instruction every year in every grade about all communicable and contagious diseases. The League for Medical Freedom has also been opposing medical inspection in the schools. The newspaper which took the part of the League for Medical Freedom in the Grand Rapids controversy has from two hundred to two hundred and fifty inches of patent-medicine advertisements regularly. In one issue we noticed an advertisement of the National League for Medical Freedom just below an advertisement of an "intravenous" treatment of tuberculosis. A letter has just reached us signed "Foster-Milburn Company, O. E. FOSTER, President," attacking a bill introduced in the Kentucky Legislature providing that nobody can make or advertise a medicine unless he is a physician or pharmacist. The Foster-Milburn Company are the manufacturers of "Doan's Kidney Pills" and other proprietary medicines.

People along the Atlantic Seaboard probably realize comparatively little how much the Administration has lost by letting Dr. WILEY go and standing by McCABE, the manufacturer of false evidence against WILEY; DUNLAP, McCABE's partner, and Secretary WILSON. If the Democrats could forget the ordinary rules of peanut politics enough to amend the Pure Food and Drugs Law effectively, and also to establish a National Bureau of Health, the credit they would gain from the country would be incalculable.

PSYCHOLOGY

THE VICE PRESIDENT of the Everglade Land Sales Company writes to cancel a contract for this paper, because it had printed "a cartoon which was most detrimental to our interests." As the article of last week, narrating the full connection of the Everglade Company with the Secretary of Agriculture, was not then out, we turned back to refresh our memory about the cause of the Everglade official's vengeance. The issue of March 16, which was on the street before WILEY resigned, while we hoped the President might be persuaded to make his continued work possible by dispensing with WILSON, DUNLAP, and McCABE, contained a cartoon representing Mr. TAFT as standing with a whitewash brush, hesitating about applying it to the Secretary, while BALLINGER

and McCABE were already hanging on the line. This was evidently not the one intended, however, and we turned back a week, to one in which, in an allegory from "Macbeth," National Indignation is represented as rising against McCABE and WILSON. There, in a forgotten detail, was a reference to the "Everglade scandal," merely pictorial without explanation. Now that the vice president has had a chance to read our full article, perhaps he will decide that it was truthful. Then, instead of trying to break one contract, he will doubtless send in half a dozen new subscriptions, with a special order for five hundred copies of last week's issue. Thus will he carry along the familiar tendency of the human race to encourage truth, even at the cost of money gain.

MONEY AND ART

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Common" protests against what Bostonians are doing for opera, and wishes to know if the money could not be spent to equal advantage in the endowment of a theatre. To our mind it is not a choice. That music, instrumental and vocal, is being put on a high plane in this country helps to create a state of public opinion in which we shall be dissatisfied with our theatres. Our art museums create a standard to which the theatres must ultimately respond. The present attitude toward the drama among managers is about the same as the attitude which a business man legitimately takes toward an investment in a toothpick factory. How it will pay is the only consideration. Major HIGGINSON is running about \$30,000 a year behind in maintaining the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but there are few directions in which \$30,000 a year is doing as much good. Nobody stops to ask whether Mr. MORGAN's art collection pays, or whether the Chicago Art Institute is a profitable investment, or what the return is on the money spent for SAINT GAUDENS's Lincoln monuments.

THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS"

SPEAKING OF "SUMURUN" and "Kismet" a few weeks ago, we moralized about the "Arabian Nights" and current misconceptions, especially the idea that if you eliminate what is improper according to Western ideas you take away the essential quality. Probably no one will accuse WORDSWORTH of lacking any kind of purity. His view of the Arabian masterpieces is thus expressed:

A precious treasure had I long possessed,
A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
A slender abstract of the Arabian Tales;
And, from companions in a new abode,
When first I learnt, that this dear prize of mine
Was but a block hewn from a mighty quarry—
That there were four more volumes, laden all
With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,
A promise scarcely earthly.

In this case, as in others where great works of imagination are condemned, the most severe critics are, as a rule, those who are least familiar with literature.

IMPERSONATION

TWO THEORIES and two practices prevail in acting. According to one, a personality is poured into such parts as it is supposed to be adapted to. This theory, and still more this practice, prevail in England and the United States. The other theory, that the actor's personality should be molded to his part, is put into practice in Germany more than elsewhere. Under the rule of the personality idea, we establish no standard, no high level, nothing which either helps the drama or puts the theatre, along with the art museums, libraries, and opera houses, among the influences of culture. As a working fact, the personality idea floods this country with a mass of pretty-girl stars who can't act. Personality helps, of course, even in real acting, and the great actor often combines the power of impersonation with marked individuality. BOOTH's personal traits were marked, but what a step from his BRUTUS to his RICHELIEU, from his IAGO to his LEAR! Nobody has more idiosyncrasies than HENRY IRVING had, but how profoundly unlike were his MEPHISTOPHELES and his Vicar, his SHYLOCK and his CHARLES I, and the two characters in "The Lyons Mail." DUSE used to show the meaning of impersonation when she played "La Lacondiera" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" in a double bill. In a sense SARAH is always SARAH, but in a sense that enables her to be truly tender and imaginative as MARGUERITE GAUTIER, and entirely animal and fierce in "La Femme de Claude." If her FROU-FROU were in any important quality like her PHÈDRE, she would not be SARAH. There are some parts, to be sure, where the personality does not need to be subdued; HAMLET is so general that he can be conceived as of a hundred different types; but in that respect HAMLET stands almost alone, and even in that exceptional part probably no one of the really great HAMLETS has ever been without the power to make himself anew in widely different rôles.

Secretary Wilson's Record

III.—Pure Food

By H. PARKER WILLIS : : : ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER

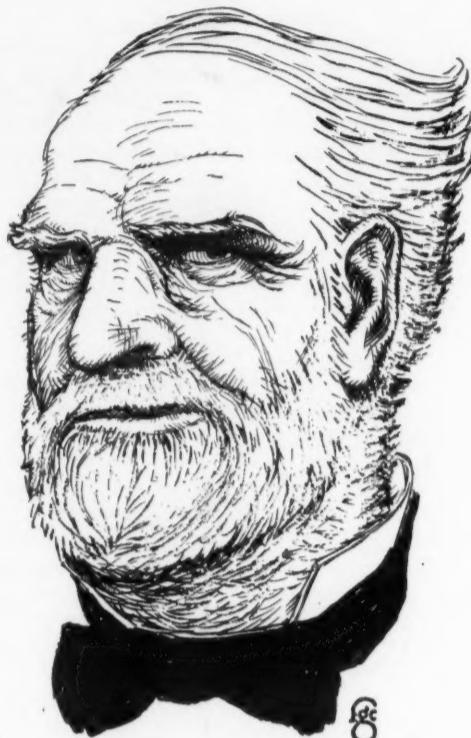
THE resignation of Dr. H. W. Wiley on March 15 has furnished new cause for serious thought on the part of those who are interested in the honest and effective administration of the Food and Drugs Act. Dr. Wiley admittedly returns to private life because of a hostile attitude toward him in the Department of Agriculture, and because of a belief that the Food and Drugs Act is not being applied in its integrity. He says:

"For nearly six years I have been conscious of an official environment which has been essentially inhospitable. I saw the fundamental principles of the Food and Drugs Act, as they appeared to me, one by one paralyzed or discredited. It was the plain provision of the act and was fully understood at the time of the enactment, as stated in the law itself, that the Bureau of Chemistry was to examine all samples of suspected foods and drugs to determine whether they were adulterated or misbranded and that if this examination disclosed such facts, the matter was to be referred to the courts for decision. Interest after interest, engaged in what the Bureau of Chemistry found to be the manufacture of misbranded or adulterated foods and drugs, made an appeal to escape appearing in court to defend their practices. Various methods were employed to secure this end, many of which were successful. One by one I found that the activities pertaining to the Bureau of Chemistry were restricted and various forms of manipulated food products were withdrawn from its consideration and referred either to other bodies not contemplated by the law or directly relieved from further control."

Dr. Wiley does not stop with this. He has mentioned specific instances in which the violations of law of which he speaks have occurred and in which he has felt the force of the hostile attitude of the officials of the department. His complaints are thus reducible to two—illegal and irregular methods of organization and the use of these improper methods for the purpose of exempting offenders from penalty.

Putting Wiley Under Control

ONE of the first efforts made by Secretary Wilson after the passage of the Food and Drugs Act (in 1906) to reduce the powers of the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry was the creation early in 1907 of the so-called Board of Food and Drug Inspection. The efforts of Dr. Wiley to apply the law during the first days after its passage had caused trouble, and search was at once made for some method of placing a check upon the chief of the bureau. Mr. Wilson finally decided that the proper thing to do was to appoint a board in which Dr. Wiley would have but one vote and which could, therefore, overrule his decision upon disputed points. **For this the Secretary was solely responsible.** Mr. Wilson himself says: "I do not think there was any special order sent to me to do that [appoint the board], but President Roosevelt appealed to the presidents of the big universities to get an additional chemist put on there and that brought Dr. Dunlap from Ann Arbor." Dr. F. L. Dunlap was made associate chemist in the Bureau of Chemistry and a member of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection. The third member was Solicitor McCabe. To this body was intrusted the power to decide questions relating to the administration of the act. **Secretary Wilson had not consulted Dr. Wiley about the naming of the board or the selection of Dr. Dunlap,** and when the chief chemist was examined by a Congressional committee under oath, in the summer of 1911, he stated that, so far as authority went, Dr. Dunlap was above him. This was because Dunlap was in no way under his orders, while certain powers were vested in him that were not vested in Wiley. Dr. Dunlap himself was of the opinion that he was not subject to Dr. Wiley, for when he was recently asked: "What is your authority at present in the Bureau of Chemistry? Are you over or under Dr. Wiley?" he answered: "I am not over Dr. Wiley, neither am I under him. That is, I am not under Dr. Wiley if you mean I am subject to his instruction." On the Board of Food and Drug Inspection at the outset there were thus three members—Dunlap, McCabe, and Wiley—Wiley being chairman. The record shows that in the large majority of cases Dunlap and McCabe voted together, while Wiley was left entirely alone in such position as he might assume. The Bureau of Chemistry was thus, without any order from the President and without any authority of law, deprived by Secretary Wilson of the duties which had previously been placed in his hands, and in those of its chief under the act, but which were now taken out from under its authority and turned over to a board, one member of which was an "associate chemist" at least equal in rank with the chief of the bureau and practically always siding



YOU are anchored to a post,
Uncle Jim;
And old fashions please you most,
Uncle Jim;
You would rather see us die
After eating poisoned pie
Than to punch the baker's eye,
Uncle Jim.

Oh, the folks are rather sore,
Uncle Jim;
They don't love you any more,
Uncle Jim;
For it seems to them a shame [frame
That you've strained your ancient
Just to block Doc Wiley's game,
Uncle Jim.

Drape your whiskers on your breast,
Uncle Jim;
Go back home and take a rest,
Uncle Jim.
Quit the struggle and the strain;
All your public work is vain—
You do nothing but complain,
Uncle Jim!

Walt Mason

There was thus created in the Department of Agriculture an organization not known to law and containing a majority hostile to the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry.

In a similar way the organization of the Remsen Board of Consulting Chemists was, not long after, brought about, entirely without the knowledge or consent of the Bureau of Chemistry, although Secretary Wilson has testified that the Referee Board was a "part of the Bureau of Chemistry." The officer of the Department of Justice to whom the legality of this board's appointment was first referred held it illegal, though the Attorney General supported it.

Wiley Ignored

IT MIGHT properly have been expected that when Secretary Wilson created the Remsen Board he would suggest that it cooperate with the Bureau of Chemistry and consult with the chief of that organization. This would have been natural for the purpose of avoiding duplication of effort and of bringing about effective methods of administration. It was also due to the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry or of any other bureau, whoever he might be, that he should at least be made aware of what was being done and enabled to contribute such material as was available in his records as well as to furnish the results of his experience. Nothing of the kind was ever done. President Ira Remsen of the Johns Hopkins University, who was chairman of the committee of consulting experts, not long ago frankly told a Congressional investigating committee of the relationship between his board and the Department of Agriculture. The following conversation then occurred:

MR. FLOYD—As chemist, do you have any superior with whom you consult?

DR. REMSEN—On fundamental questions we consult with the Secretary of Agriculture.

MR. FLOYD—Do you consult with the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry?

DR. REMSEN—We have never been asked to consult with him, and never have done so.

The Key of Control

WHEN Secretary Wilson was disposed to refer any question to the Remsen Board he never hesitated to do so independent of the Bureau of Chemistry and without consulting its chief or any of its officers. He has, however, told Congress that the board was a part of the Bureau of Chemistry. While the Secretary was under oath, a member of Congress said to him:

"Do you regard it [the Remsen Board] as a part of the Bureau of Chemistry . . . ?"

Secretary Wilson answered: "It is a part really of the Bureau of Chemistry." Later the plain question was put:

"If the decision of the Referee Board was adverse to that of the Bureau of Chemistry, the effect of enforcing the decision of the Referee Board would be to prevent the prosecution of anyone using that commodity?" After some hesitation, Mr. Wilson answered: "Yes; it would."

The upshot of these admissions by the Secretary must be taken as being that he created in the Bureau of Chemistry a subordinate organization which never consulted with the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, but whose work necessarily resulted in preventing the appeal to the courts which had been provided for in the law as a part of the mechanism of enforcement. Wherever it reversed the decisions of the Bureau of Chemistry, it practically guaranteed the manufacturer against prosecution. This meant that the most important and disputed questions, involving the largest and strongest commercial interests, must be decided without even consulting the chief of the bureau.

"General Order No. 140"

THE efforts of Secretary Wilson to destroy the powers of the Bureau of Chemistry and thereby check the accurate enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act culminated in a remarkable "general order," issued under date of June 9, 1910, in which what little power had been left in the hands of the bureau and of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection was practically transferred to the office of George P. McCabe, the Solicitor. This notorious order provided that "the examination of foods and drugs . . . shall be made in the Bureau of Chemistry. After such examinations all the evidence in all cases, with such summaries to be prepared by the Bureau of Chemistry as the Solicitor shall prescribe, shall be referred to the Solicitor to determine whether a prima facie case has been made and to recommend to the Secretary whether citation to a hearing shall issue. In

all cases where citations issue, the Solicitor will prescribe the form and manner of issuing and the parties to whom citations shall issue. . . . In every instance after a hearing has been held . . . the case including all papers in reference thereto . . . shall be submitted to the Solicitor for recommendation to the Secretary as to whether the case shall be reported to the Department of Justice for prosecution. . . . No recommendation relative to the legal side of any case arising under the Food and Drugs Act shall be made to any officer of the Department of Justice, nor shall communications, oral or written, be addressed to any officer of the executive departments regarding matters arising in connection with acts of Congress with which this department is concerned except with the approval of the Solicitor obtained in advance.

This sweeping document was written by Solicitor McCabe and was signed and approved and put into effect by Secretary Wilson himself. It completely transferred all authority to the office of the Solicitor and left the Bureau of Chemistry nothing more than a laboratory, stripping it completely of the power vested in it by Congress in connection with the Food and Drugs Act. How the power thus granted to the Solicitor was exercised, the 6,200 cases of the "permanent abeyance register" abundantly testify.

The final step in the process of destroying the efficiency of the Food and Drugs Act was apparently intended to be the driving out of Dr. Wiley himself in the conspiracy of 1911, still fresh in the minds of the people. Not one word of rebuke or condemnation was uttered by President Taft; it should not be forgotten, with respect to those who had been guilty of attempting to ruin Dr. Wiley.

The facts thus make it clear what Dr. Wiley meant when, in his statement accompanying his letter of resignation, he spoke of "an official environment which has been essentially inhospitable."

The Machinery in Action

HOW far has the machinery provided by Secretary Wilson actually resulted in blocking the wheels of justice? Dr. Wiley cites the cases of whisky, benzoate of soda, sulphur dioxide, and sulphate of copper, saccharin and alum, chemicals and colors, the "floating" of oysters, the selling of moldy grain, and the offering of glucose under the name of corn syrup in support of his claim that no such enforcement has been had. Probably the most representative and fully developed example of the methods complained of in this statement is seen in the treatment of the whisky question by the Department of Agriculture.

For a long time before the adoption of the Pure Food Law there had been frauds of a disgraceful and gross nature in the making and marking of distilled liquors. President Taft, who at one time was himself a collector of internal revenue, and as such had knowledge of the conditions under which whisky was prepared for the market, has expressed the opinion that "a great deal of the liquor sold is a mixture of straight whisky with whisky made from neutral spirits" (alcohol), while he has also stated that serious frauds in marking and branding have been frequent. The consumer of whisky frequently not only failed to get what he supposed himself to be buying, but received dangerous and poisonous mixtures of raw alcohol, fusel oil, and coloring matters. The law, therefore, provided that where articles were branded as compounds, imitations, or blends, and only then, they should be allowed to go into consumption; that "blend" should be interpreted as signifying a "mixture of like substances" used for the purpose of coloring and flavoring only.

This language threw upon the Department of Agriculture the duty of determining what ingredients were "harmless" and what substances were "like." Large quantities of liquor were being sold under the designation "blended whisky," notwithstanding they contained simply alcohol and fusel oil with some coloring matter. A committee of department officials made a regulation that in labeling whiskies the coloring and flavoring matters used should not be permitted at all when they were used to imitate any natural product or any other product of recognized name and quality.

Wilson's Change of Front

WHISKY interests were at this time exceedingly powerful in Washington. Makers of so-called "medicinal" goods, like Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, were able to enlist the services of such well-known representatives as J. B. Perkins of New York, while the Cincinnati distilling district was represented by Nicholas Longworth, the son-in-law of ex-President Roosevelt. Tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon the Department of Agriculture. The most expensive lawyers were engaged and delegations of distillers visited Washington. Secretary Wilson yielded to the demands of the blenders and mixers of whisky, and endeavored to have the Bureau of Chemistry rescind its decision. In sustaining this point of view, Mr. Wilson had the aid and support of Solicitor George P. McCabe. Undoubtedly the decision would have been summarily revoked had it not been for the efforts of the Bureau of Chemistry, which, through Dr. Wiley, took the matter up directly with President Roosevelt. The President consulted with Mr. Wilson, and ordered that the matter should go to Attorney General Bonaparte, who devoted

to the subject an unusual amount of careful study, and recommended that where whisky was mixed with alcohol it should be labeled as "a compound." Whisky could be labeled "blended" only where two or more different kinds of real whisky had been combined. The ordinary colored and flavored alcohol sold in enormous quantities over the bars of the country must be labeled "imitation."

President Roosevelt on April 10, 1907, accordingly wrote a letter to Secretary Wilson, in which he directly ordered that official to take action in accordance with the findings of the Department of Justice. The President's



Dr. Harvey W. Wiley

point of view was promptly tested in the courts and was sustained in the case of Levy vs. Uri early in 1908. Various cases were started in the courts by distillers in order to obtain injunctions against the requirement that the term "imitation whisky" be employed. These proceedings turned out unfavorably to distillers. A complete victory had been won by the Bureau of Chemistry. It had been sustained by the President of the United States, by the Attorney General, and by the courts.

Wilson Had the Power

SECRETARY WILSON was now in a position of peculiar strength. He had full charge of the Food and Drugs Act; he understood the precedents that had been established during the past four years; the matter had been referred to the Department of Justice by his own assent; he had nothing to do but apply the law vigorously. But it was well known that **neither he nor his Solicitor approved the decision in the whisky case. The politicians were more and more active. Mr. Perkins of New York brought strenuous pressure to bear upon the Department of Agriculture in behalf of Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, which would have to be labeled "imitation" under the new rules. He was strongly seconded by Vice President Sherman.** President Roosevelt finally designated Secretary Wilson, Dr. F. L. Dunlap, and John G. Capers, the head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, as a Whisky Commission. Secretary Wilson was thus given full power to shape the decision as he pleased. A report from him would have settled the situation once for all. No such report was forthcoming. Secretary Wilson even denied in conversation that any such commission existed, and finally the three men rendered a report in favor of allowing liquor made from alcohol to be branded as "rectified whisky," thus giving the use of the word whisky to the interests that had been demanding it. **It was only a threat on the part of Attorney General Bonaparte to resign if any such disregard of his official rights should be tolerated that kept President Roosevelt's former decision in effect.** As soon as the Roosevelt Administration had ended, President Taft was induced to take the whole question up again. The Department of Agriculture was completely on the side of the mixers and blenders. Eight months of consideration by Solicitor General Bowers of the Department of Justice, and then by President Taft himself, culminated in a decision that alcohol and whisky were like substances, and that, therefore, the term whisky could be used as descriptive of any liquor distilled from grain, although it must be accompanied by a legend stating what the whisky was made of, as, for instance, "whisky made from neutral spirits."

The Department of Agriculture promptly prepared Food Inspection Decision No. 113, in which it was provided that "all unmixed distilled spirits from grain . . . are entitled to the name whisky without qualification."

This meant that President Taft's opinion was profoundly modified; in fact, was practically disregarded. Had it not been for the resistance of Secretary Wilson to the branding of imitation whiskies as such, the orders earlier made by President Roosevelt would long before have been made operative. The decision now arrived at enabled the mixers of dilute alcohol with colors and flavors, as well as those who obtained the desired color by storing the spirits in charred barrels, to brand their goods "whisky"—a point which had long been contended for by such concerns as Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky Company and many others. Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky was practically neutral spirits diluted and stored for a time in barrels.

Helping the Benzoate Interests

A EFFORT had early been made in the Bureau to restrict the use of benzoate of soda as a preservative on the ground that it was injurious to health, and that it also enabled manufacturers to place on the market materials which were on the point of decomposition. The Bureau of Chemistry decided unfavorably to the use of benzoate, but was reversed by the Board of Food and Drug Inspection. Ultimately the Remsen Referee Board decided that in small doses benzoate was not a poison "in the accepted sense of the term." The finding was not satisfactory to many of the State food and health officers of the country, some of whom now enforce standards much stricter than those of the Government. Thereupon Mr. Wilson induced the Remsen Board to go to a convention held at Denver for the purpose of stating his position as to benzoate of soda. The expenses were paid out of the appropriation for the Bureau of Chemistry. But Government experts were refused permission to testify against benzoate before the courts.

Suppression of Reports

T HE refusal of the department to allow even a warning to the public concerning the effects of preservatives and other artificial ingredients was brought out in a clear light when Secretary Wilson was asked by members of Congress a few months ago what he had done in regard to the suppression of reports by department experts. The following conversation then occurred:

MR. MOSS—Is it the policy of the Department of Agriculture . . . to suppress or refuse the publication of the reports which the Bureau of Chemistry may make to you on any questions which are referred to the Referee Board until after the Board has made its final report?

S E C R E T A R Y W I L S O N—I may have done that. I think probably there is justification for having anything which treats with benzoate of soda handled in that way.

S E C R E T A R Y W I L S O N not only "may" have done the thing about which he was thus asked, but has done it, and has done it frequently, not only with respect to benzoate of soda but with reference to various other substances. One of the things which he thus suppressed was a bulletin prepared in the Bureau of Chemistry under the direction of Dr. Wiley, compiling the State food laws.

The whole experience under the Pure Food Law shows Secretary Wilson in the light of an opponent. Meanwhile there has been created a system of espionage and of overbearing despotism, in which those who have sought to follow the straightforward intent of the law have suffered, while those who have been instrumental in restraining it have been advanced and approved. Manufacturers of whiskies and other liquors have been given full powers, broader than they ever before possessed, to manufacture by cheap processes and to force their goods upon the public under misleading names while so-called "medicinal" whiskies have not been subjected to the slightest restraint, but have been permitted to represent themselves as remedies when they were in reality only compounds of cheap alcohol with colors and flavors diluted with water, or sometimes consisted simply of dilute alcohol stored for a time in charred barrels to give the necessary color. Users of preservatives have been enabled to put upon the market goods of a doubtful, impure, or decomposed character. Permission has been granted to the manufacturers of a syrup consisting of glucose with an admixture of cane to present their product as something which, in the opinion of scientific men, it was not. In many other instances as flagrant, although on a smaller scale, the same liberty has been granted to food manufacturers to protect themselves in the enjoyment of a market by the use of popular names or by the making of promises that had no foundation.

F O R A L L O F T H I S S E C R E T A R Y W I L S O N must bear the direct responsibility. He has originated many of the methods that have been employed for retarding the effective application of the law through the courts; he has accepted, without criticism or question, many others from those who suggested them; he has obeyed the orders of politicians when they directed him to take action which could not result otherwise than in helping adulteration and fraud.

The Gianellis



Little kindnesses of this kind are not so rare in the quarter as you might think

WHEN Miss J—— told this story she was sipping after-dinner coffee before a blazing fireplace in a little back room off the basement dining room of the Settlement House. We could hear the young people of the Settlement clubs enjoying themselves noisily upstairs, where Miss J——'s coworkers in the house were busy directing and subduing the social uproar. For her it was a night off. She had been at work all day on her "cases" for a philanthropic bureau. She was tired. Having refreshed herself (for her appearance at the dinner table) in a girlish array of white muslin, she was luxuriating in the warmth and glow of the wood fire, propped up with cushions on a monastic-looking black settle, talking meditatively of her work and the problems that she met in it.

Being a graduate of a college course in sociology, she expresses herself in the terminology of that science; but she has added a first-hand experience of our social system to her scholastic theories of the economic laws that form and rule us; and she is young and resolutely democratic; so that when she talks of her work you hear an odd mixture of scientific wisdom and feminine sympathy, expressing an almost masculine knowledge of unsheltered life that has been impressively observed and then tolerantly accepted.

"The Gianellis are slaves," she said, "for the same reason that the negro was, because they cannot maintain their freedom in competition with the dominant race. We have imported most of these people, as the South imported its labor. We are living on them, as the South lived on its blacks. And we'll suffer for it some day, as the South suffered." She added suddenly: "We are suffering. We are suffering."

I have written out her account of the Gianellis with her permission; but it has been necessary to disguise many of the literal facts of her narrative in order to protect her and all the others from the consequences of publicity. "We do not need," she says, "any contributions of money from the public to assist these people. What we do need is some intelligent public understanding of the circumstances that oppress them. You might as well depend on private charity to correct the injustices of the protective tariff as to look to it to relieve the conditions that make life hideous in the poorer quarters of New York or Chicago or any other of our great cities. There are thousands of Gianellis. And I don't know what can be done for them. I can only report their case."

And here, in effect, is her report:

ONE night last summer I was talking in the doorway of a tenement house down the street to one of our girls who lives there. I noticed four boys standing with their backs to the window of the saloon on the corner. A little girl approached them, with a



It was an emotion that had nothing sordid in it

shawl over her head and a tin pail in her hand. She was going into the side entrance of the saloon when one of the boys stopped her and took her pail and her money and went in to the bar for her. She was so small that the shawl came down almost to her heels; and when he returned with her pail he arranged the shawl for her so that the fringe would not get in the beer.

Little kindnesses of this sort are not so rare in the quarter as you might think, but they are rare enough among boys anywhere.

I crossed the street

purposely to get a good look at him as I passed. He proved to be in appearance a typical "tambo"—a young street loafer who is on the road to becoming a drunken "bum." His face bore every mark of devitalizing dissipation—pale, weak,

blurred, dull. He wore a shapeless old cap and a faded green sweater, trousers that hung in limp wrinkles about his ankles, greasy old shoes. He looked as if he had been stewed in poverty, clothes and all, till all the fiber and starch and strength of character had been drawn out of him and his rags together. He shuffled and looked down at his feet when he caught my eye.

As a matter of fact, I totally misjudged him.

The next time that I saw him, he and his "gang" were in the doorway of the Settlement House, sheltering themselves from a cold rain that had already soaked them through.

I invited them to come in, and they stood in the light of the opened doorway, staring, with the bedraggled air of so many street cats suspecting some enticement. Tony, the boy in the green sweater, was the first to move; he took off his cap and entered boldly. The others followed, with more or less grinning and scuffling.

I found that one of them could play the piano, and all, of course, could dance. When I say that he could play the piano, I mean that he could pick out an air with a certain amount of fumbling accuracy in the right hand; but he had not discovered that there was any necessary relationship between what he played with his right hand and what he played with his left; and in the bass he merely beat an accompaniment of confident discords. It made a sort of solemnly jocund cacophony. To this barbaric tom-tomming they danced, in their wet clothes, with a polite seriousness, blank-faced.

I invited Tony to be my partner in a waltz, and he borrowed a coat

From the Field Notes of a Settlement Worker

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

from one of the others and put it on over his sweater, formally, to do the honors. The sleeve was as wet under my hand as if it had been dipped in a tub. When he finished the dance, he gave the coat back to its owner, unembarrassed.

IN A BOWERY dance hall the whole thing might have looked—and sounded—like a sad orgy of young degenerates. They were a lot of normal and natural young human beings nevertheless.

Tony told me that he had a job in a steam laundry, and that explained his appearance. In the penitentiary, when the warden has a criminal brute to handle, he keeps him at work in the laundry, to exhaust and enervate him. Tony did not look as if he had ever been very strong, and the heat and the steam and the hard work and the long hours had thinned his blood and blanched his face and dragged the vitality out of him. He tried to entertain me with an account of conditions in the laundry when he saw that I was interested. You will think he was exaggerating unless you have read in the newspapers the testimony taken by the commission that has been investigating the "laundry strike." Women slaving twelve and fifteen hours a day in the temperature of a Turkish bath, fainting with heat prostration at their work, and staggering out to have their steam-soaked clothes frozen on their bodies as they go home!

"I'm goin' to be a shirt ironer," Tony confided, speaking of his ambitions. "But not collars. They're fierce. Our collar ironer's got sores all over his side, diggin' into them to get the finish—this way." And he bore down with all his weight on an imaginary flatiron, levering with his elbow against his ribs.

It is one of the curiosities of our civilization—this laundry business. We are a democracy of workers, and idleness is frowned upon even among our idle classes. But we still dress as if to be a working man or woman were the disgrace that it used to be in aristocratic countries. You men wear white collars and cuffs because they soil instantly with labor. No gentleman will wear a paper collar, a celluloid collar, or even detachable shirt cuffs if he is properly snobbish. He must wear the clothes of parasitic idleness, although he despises the condition.

AM not complaining. I am not arguing for dress reform. I am only remarking upon the conditions that make steam laundries necessary. Everyone must wear white linen and have it washed; and everyone cannot afford to pay a living wage to a laundress. Hence the machine laundry and the wage slaves who drudge there at the edge of starvation.

It's a funny world.

I invited Tony and his gang to come in again whenever they had an evening free. They have been coming regularly ever since. They are now "The Tony G. Association," and they come to box and play handball, as well as to dance. We got Tony out of the laundry into a printing establishment, as a folder's helper, and he is getting some blood back into his veins. He's a great boy. Everybody likes him.

The next member of the family that I met was Tony's

(Concluded on page 42)



His mother tucked it in while he continued with an air from grand opera

“The Southern Delegates”

I.—Taft's Use of Patronage to Get the Republican Nomination

THE Republican Southern delegate has been the scandal of American politics since the Civil War. He has decided most of the Republican Presidential nominations since 1870, and in four cases out of five he has brazenly taken his pay, either in cash or in patronage. It is fair to say that the outright use of cash is no longer common. But President Taft and his managers are to-day trading offices and promises of office for votes in the National Convention. Moreover, they are using the agents of the Post-Office Department to intimidate postmasters into giving aid to the Taft campaign. Specific examples of the methods being employed by the Southern organization will be set forth in a series of articles of which this is the first.

P. D. Barker is postmaster at Mobile, Alabama. He is also the member from his State on the Republican National Committee. And, more than all that, he is President Taft's Referee for Alabama, and that means that he is the official dispenser of patronage. (A Referee is technically an “adviser of the Post-Office Department,” to decide matters of dispute, records, etc. Familiarly, the President's Referee is his official dispenser of patronage for the State. Some States have one Referee, some two. Often in Northern States they are members of Congress, but, in the unrepresented South, they dispense the offices, untroubled by elected representatives of the people.)

This postmaster at Mobile has recently committed some of his recent activities to writing. The letters are written to the chairman of the Clay County Republican Committee. Barker's problem is to force the Republican politicians of Alabama into line for Taft. He proposes to do it by promising to clean out pro-Roosevelt officeholders. He will accomplish this by “sickening” Post-Office inspectors on to their records. In their place he will have Taft adherents appointed. His letters speak for themselves. (The matter in parentheses is our own explanation):

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE
JOHN F. HILL, Vice Chairman. P. D. BARKER.
MOBILE, ALA., Feb. 13, 1912.

MR. JAMES W. KING, Ashland, Ala.

Dear Mr. King—On your recommendation I have recommended the appointment of Joseph W. Clifton as Postmaster at Hollins, Clay County, and wrote Mr. Long suggesting he do the same. Presume the appointment will be made at an early date.

While in Washington recently with Mr. Long (Pope W. Long, a Taft adherent who was elected chairman of the State Republican Executive Committee at a convention whose action has been expressly repudiated by the National Committee), we talked about the matter at Ashland and Lineville again, and we think we made considerable progress. Presume you and the parties whose names you gave me will be interviewed on the matter at an early date.

The words in italics mean that Mr. Barker has arranged to have Post-Office inspectors sent out to work up a case against the postmasters at Ashland and Lineville. T is without doubt was done “while in Washington recently.” This is much worse than mere defiance of Roosevelt's executive order of June 15, 1907, that civil-service employees “shall take no active part in political campaigns.” The letter continues:

How is everything progressing up at your end of the bailiwick. The opposition, I hear, are claiming you and other friends because of our failure to get certain changes made. I hope you will not allow anything of that sort to influence you, as I have no doubt we will win out in the end. Don't forget that Thompson (Joseph O. Thompson, a Roosevelt adherent, chairman of the State Republican Executive Committee) was in the saddle such a long time that we had to overcome his influence with inspectors, etc. But,

of course, you know that if he, Hundley (Judge Oscar R. Hundley, a lawyer of Birmingham, a Roosevelt man), and Roosevelt should succeed, Carwile and the present incumbents would receive their support. As you know, Thompson recommended Carwile and Miss Cassie L. Davis, who would have been appointed long ago but for my opposition.

Yours sincerely, P. D. BARKER.

Is there any possible self-revelation that could be more appropriately described as “pernicious political activity”? The term used inside the Post-Office Department when an inspector is sent out from Washington to hunt down a postmaster whom the Administration wishes to replace with a Taft man is “sent with instructions.”

Here, in another letter from this postmaster of Mobile, is the frankest possible avowal from official sources of the way in which the power of the Post-Office Department and the spying activities of the Post-Office inspectors are used as political weapons:

... You know we are becoming more and more a civil-service government, and that while postmasters themselves are not under civil service, there is a rule prevailing that where an official's record is good that he shall only be removed for cause. This record, of course, as you understand, is MADE BY INSPECTORS, and as Mr. Thompson has until quite recently been looked up to as the factotum of the party and the inspector's headquarters for your locality while in Birmingham, and they knowing that he was very greatly interested in the retention of certain people, it is presumable that they would not wish to hunt up objections to his friends.

... I not only have assurances but no doubt that we shall eventually succeed in having your friends appointed at Ashland, Lineville, and Lafayette. And I hope that you and your friends will not lose confidence in Mr. Long and myself being able to accomplish it.

... I understand that the inspector has been to Lineville, but not to Ashland. Please let me know if he has been there yet.

Yours very truly, P. D. BARKER.

Let us see an inspector at work. We will stick to Alabama for this illustration, also: The Postmaster of Bessemer, Alabama, George R. Lewis, states that two days after he, as a member of the Republican Congressional Executive Committee of his district, voted for resolutions endorsing Roosevelt for President, a Post-Office inspector, W. J. Marles, arrived in Birmingham and ordered Lewis to answer charges of “pernicious political activity.” The “activity” is stated to have been committed in May, 1911, and December, 1910.

One “offense” was fourteen months old, and the other nine months old. But they were warmed up two days after the postmaster declared for Roosevelt. Lewis wrote to the inspector:

You shut your eyes to the most flagrant examples of “pernicious political activity” in behalf of President Taft, while you direct the searchlight of your investigations along these lines only against a few postmasters who have expressed a preference for Roosevelt.

The Alabama situation has become so noisome that Senator Bristow recently introduced a resolution to inquire into and report to the Senate whether Post-Office inspectors are being sent through the country as political emissaries to influence postmasters to aid in the election of delegates for or against any candidate for the Presidency. The resolution has been reported favorably out of the first committee, and is in the hands of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. Inasmuch as the chairman of that committee is Senator Bourne, the resolution will probably be reported favorably to the Senate, and it will then rest with that body to decide whether such an investigation shall be made.

After Moose in New Brunswick

*The Journal of an Autumn Month's Hunting
Trip into the North for Moose and Caribou*

By KERMIT ROOSEVELT



Willie with my moose head

IN SEPTEMBER of last year four of us—Clarke, Jamieson, Thompson, and myself—landed at Bathurst, on Chaleur Bay, and took the little railroad which runs twenty miles up the Nepisiquit River to some iron mines. From that point we expected to pole up the river about forty miles farther and then begin our hunting.

For the four hunters—"sports" was what the guides called us—there were six guides. Three of them bore the name Veneau; there were Bill Grey and his son Willie, and the sixth was Wirre (pronounced Warry) Chamberlain. Among themselves the guides spoke French—or a corruption of French—which was hard to understand and which has come down from generation to generation without ever getting into written form. A fine-looking six they were—straight, with the Indian showing in their faces.

At the end of the third day of poling—a lazy time for the "sports" but three days of marvelously skillful work for the guides—our heavily laden canoes were brought up to the main camp. From here we expected to start our hunting expeditions, each taking a guide, blankets, and food, and striking off for the more isolated cabins in the woods. My purpose was to collect specimens for the National Museum at Washington. I wanted moose, caribou, and beaver—a male and female of each species. Whole skins and leg bones were to be brought out.

A hard rain woke us, and the prospects were far from cheerful as we packed and prepared to separate. Bill Grey was to be my guide, and the "Popple Cabin," three miles away, was to be our shelter. Our tramp through the wet woods—pine, hemlock, birch, and poplar—ended at the little double lean-to shelter. After we had started a fire and spread our blankets to dry, we set off in search of game.

A Day of Wandering

WE CLIMBED out of the valley in which we were camped and up to the top of a hill from which we could get a good view of some small barren stretches that lay around us. It was the blueberry season, and these barrens were covered with bushes, all heavily laden. We moved around from hill to hill in search of game, but saw only three deer. We'd have shot one of them for meat but didn't care to run the chance of frightening away any moose or caribou. The last hill we climbed overlooked a small pond which lay beside a pine forest on the edge of a barren strip. Bill intended to spend a good part of each day watching this pond, and it was to a small hill overlooking it that we made our way early next morning.

Before we had been watching many minutes, a cow moose with a calf appeared at the edge of the woods. She hesitated for several minutes, listening intently and watching sharply, and then stepped out across the barren on her way to the pond. Before she had gone far, the path she was following cut the trail we had made on our way to the lookout hill. She stopped immediately and began to sniff at our tracks, the calf

following her example; a few seconds were enough to convince her, but for some reason, perhaps to make doubly sure, she turned and for some minutes followed along our trail with her nose close to the ground. Then she swung round and struck off into the woods at a great slashing moose trot.

Not long after she had disappeared, we got a fleeting glimpse of two caribou cows; they lacked the impressive ungainliness of the moose, and in the distance might easily have been mistaken for deer.

It was a very cold morning, and throughout the day it snowed and sleeted at intervals. We spent the time wandering from hill to hill.

Lovely Scenery but no Game

FOR the next week we hunted industriously in every direction from the Popple Cabin. In the morning and the evening we shifted from hill to hill; the middle of the day we hunted along the numerous brooks that furrowed the country. With the exception of one or two days, the weather was uniformly cold and rainy; but after our first warm sunny day we welcomed rain and cold, for then, at least, we had no black flies to fight. On the two sunny days they surrounded us in swarms and made life almost unbearable; they got into our blankets and kept us from sleeping during the nights; they covered us with lumps and sores—Bill said that he had never seen them as bad.

It was lovely in the early morning to stand on some high hill and watch the mist rising lazily from the valley; it was even more lovely to watch the approach of a rainstorm. The sunlight on some distant hillside or valley would suddenly be blotted out by a sheet of rain; a few minutes later the next valley would be darkened as the storm swept toward us; and perhaps before it reached us we could see the further valleys over which it had passed lightening again.

We managed to cover a great deal of ground during that week, and were rewarded by seeing a fair amount of game—four caribou, of which one was a bull, a bull and three cow moose, and six does and one buck deer. I had but one shot, and that was at a buck deer. We wanted meat very much, and Bill said that he didn't think one shot would disturb the moose and caribou. He was a very large buck, in prime condition; I never tasted better venison. Had our luck been a little better, I would have had a shot at a moose and a caribou; we saw the latter from some distance, and made a long and successful stalk until Wirre, on his way from the main camp with some fresh supplies, frightened our quarry away.

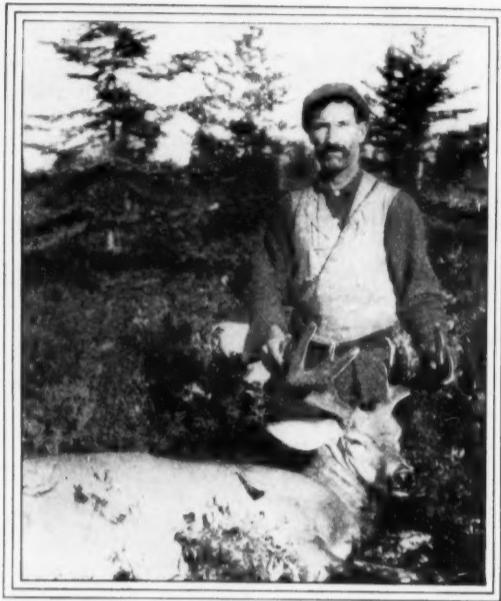
On these trips between camps, Wirre several times saw moose and caribou within range.

The First Caribou

AFTER a week we all foregathered at the main camp. Clarke had shot a fine bear and Jamieson brought in a good moose head. They started down river with their trophies, and Thompson and I set out for new hunting grounds. As Bill had gone with Jamieson, I took his son Willie, a sturdy, pony-built fellow of just my age. We crossed the river and camped some two miles beyond it and about a mile from the lake we intended to hunt. We put up a lean-to, and in front of it built a great fire of old pine logs, for the nights were cold.

My blankets were warm, and it was only after a great deal of wavering hesitation that I could pluck up courage to roll out of them in the penetrating cold of early morning.

On the second morning, as we made our way through dew-soaked underbrush to the lake, we came out upon a little glade, at the farther end of which stood a caribou. He sprang away as he saw us, but halted behind a bush to reconnoiter—the victim of a fatal curiosity, for it gave me my opportunity and I brought him down. Although he was large in body, he had a very poor head. I spent a busy morning preparing the skin, but in the afternoon we were again at the lake



Billy Grey with a deer

watching for moose. We spent several fruitless days there.

One afternoon a yearling bull moose appeared: he had apparently lost his mother, for he wandered aimlessly around for several hours, bewailing his fate. This watching would have been pleasant enough as a rest cure, but since I was hunting and very anxious to get my game, it became a rather irksome affair. However, I could only follow Saint Augustine's advice, "when in Rome, fast on Saturdays," and I resigned myself to following Willie's plan of waiting for the game to come to us, instead of pursuing my own inclination and setting out to find the game. Luckily, I had some books with me, and passed the days pleasantly enough reading Voltaire and Boileau. There was a beaver house at one end of the lake, and between four and five the beaver would come out and swim around. I missed a shot at one. Red squirrels were very plentiful and would chatter excitedly at us from a distance of a few feet. There was one particularly persistent little chap who did everything in his power to attract attention. He would sit in the conventional squirrel attitude upon a branch and chirp loudly, bouncing stiffly forward at each chirp, precisely as if he were an automaton.

When we decided that it was useless to hunt this lake any longer, we went back to the river to put in a few days hunting up and down it. I got back to the camp in the evening and found Thompson there. He had had no luck, and intended to leave for the settlement in the morning. Accordingly the next day he started downstream and we went up. We hadn't been gone long before we heard what we took to be two shots, though, for all we knew, they might have been a beaver striking the water with his tail. That night, when we got back to camp, we found that, on going round a bend in the river about a mile below camp, Thompson had come upon a bull and a cow moose, and had bagged the bull.

(Continued on page 36)



Cow moose in the water

Swordfishing

An Exciting and Successful Quest of a Gallant Deep-Sea Fighter with Rod and Tackle

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

MEXICAN JOE was sitting in the middle of the skiff and I in the stern, both facing backward, as the launch towed us under the cliffs a hundred yards from shore. It was a late, still afternoon, with a glassy heave on the ocean as the great Pacific rollers came in around the end of San Clemente Island. The western horizon was hidden from us by high shouldering hills, whose brown slopes fell away to black rocks at the water level. North and east the haze hid from us the heights of Catalina Island and the mainland of California. The time, the place, and the weather were all just right.

We were trolling for swordfish. Fifty feet of tow-line separated us from the launch, and fifty yards behind us my bait, a flying fish, gleamed now and then through the side of a swell. We were fishing and hunting at the same time, for in such calm weather the swordfish often swims at the surface, with the half of his crescent tail and sometimes the whole of his dorsal fin above the water. You may have all the excitement of stalking big game before you hook your fish. Only the day before we had hunted a pair of these wonderful fish for four hours, carefully dragging our hooks across their line of travel over and over again. Each time the great fishes saw the bait they rushed for it together, and each time an agonizing thrill of indescribable anticipation swept through us. Every fisherman will know what I mean. But that was all. It was the wrong time of day, and they would not bite.

Out of the Deep He Came

THE next morning at sunrise I had found and followed, hooked, and after more than two hours of a lively difference of opinion had landed a swordfish eight feet nine inches long. That fish broke water forty-eight times in the course of the fight, and in one of his rushes took two hundred yards of line straight into the depths of the San Clemente channel in spite of the best I could do. The strength and grace of outline, the beauty of coloring of the superb creature—the rose, the blue, the olive, and the pearl—I shall never forget; but I had taken it from a large launch. I wanted to try now what sort of weather we should make of a similar fight from an ordinary fourteen-foot flat-bottomed skiff. So on the evening of the same day we went at it again. Down the coast to the eastern end of the island we ran, and near the Hook sighted the fin and tail that forecast the best fishing, so far as my experience goes, the red gods have yet vouchsafed to mortals. But that particular specimen, wiser than he should have been at that time of the day, refused the bait, swam directly up to the skiff, looked at us, and departed. Fifteen minutes later I had a strike. Joe cast loose from the launch and seized the oars. I struck with all my might, but the huge fish, hooked, as we saw later, in the bony side of the jaw, paid no attention. Joe backed water, I reeled rapidly, and we were within fifty feet of the swordfish before he discovered what was wrong. Then out of the deep he came. Then rush followed rush, leap followed leap. High out of water sprang this splendid fish, then lunged with his lance along the surface, his big eye staring as he rose, till the impression of beauty and lithe power was enough to make a man's heart sing within him. It was a moment to be remembered for a lifetime.

To Sea behind the Swordfish

THEN, the first fury over, the great fish started away. As rapidly as a man could row he towed our skiff a mile straight down the coast. As soon as the swordfish showed himself after the strike, the launch was sent back to camp for Dr. Charles F. Holder, who knows more of big game fishing at sea than all the rest of us put together. But Dr. Holder had never happened to take a swordfish or to see one taken. Indeed, I doubt whether two dozen all told have been caught in the history of angling in the Catalina waters. So the launch disappeared in the failing light, and scarcely had it done so when the swordfish turned and towed us out to sea.

The utmost efforts of Joe with the oars and myself with the rod barely sufficed to keep us within reasonable distance of the rushing fish. Darkness was falling fast, and by the time we were three miles out in the channel



The utmost efforts of Joe with the oars and myself with the rod barely sufficed to keep us within reasonable distance of the rushing fish

I confess to many a wish and many a look for the launch. Sunset was gone when it came. Joe, wisest of old sea dogs, had been lighting matches behind my back and holding them in his circling hands for the launch to see, and so it found us. The tide was running strong, the wind rising against it, and the sea picking up. I welcomed Dr. Holder's arrival with distinct satisfaction. Afterward Joe asked me whether I had been nervous. I gave myself the benefit of the doubt, and told him "No, because the launch was with us after dark." "Well," said Joe, "the skiff would have stood a great deal more sea than the launch. The only thing I was afraid of was that the machinery of the launch would break down and the current carry her on the rocks at the Hook. We could always get in with the skiff, if there did not come a fog."

Straight into the rising sea went the swordfish, and there was nothing to do but follow him. For a time the crescent moon shone thinly over the dim shape of the island, then moon and island disappeared together, while the great fish, with a strength I could neither break nor check, dragged the boat against wind and sea.

An hour went by, and then another, yet the swordfish apparently was as strong as ever. By this time the sea was so high, as Holder told us afterward, that at times he could not see us between the waves. It was almost pitch dark, too, so that more than once, in the effort to keep close by, he nearly ran us down.

At last the steady strain began to do its work. The boat was gaining on the fish. I could not see, but I could tell. My line was doubled back for a few feet from the hook, and at last I felt the doubled part slide over the guide at the top of my rod. But the end was not yet. Over and over again I brought the fish in with a steady pull, leaning backward against the rod until my body was horizontal and Joe, just behind me, could no longer use his oars. And as often as the doubled line came in, the fish saw the boat and made a new rush I could do nothing to control. Once he came between the blade of an oar and the boat, so that Joe struck him as he dipped. Yet we could not see him. More than once I was afraid the line would foul the launch as it crept up, and we yelled at it with all our united strength to keep away. Another half-hour passed, and the fish was getting tired. So, I admit, was I. But I doubt whether the stimulus of self-respect and the dread of failure were as strong in the fish as they were in me. A realizing sense of what it would mean to lose that fish kept me up to the work: and Joe's masterful handling of the skiff weighed heavily in favor of the rod and the fisherman. So when this great fighter was brought alongside for perhaps the twentieth time, still swimming upright, Joe managed to see him and gaff him near the head. But he was still a long way from being landed. One hand still holding the rod, thumb on brake, with the other I managed to pass over the tail a slip-noose which Joe had made ready. At the very instant it was done the launch ran into us, struck the skiff



High out of water sprang this splendid fish

a resounding blow on the quarter, and the gaff slipped out.

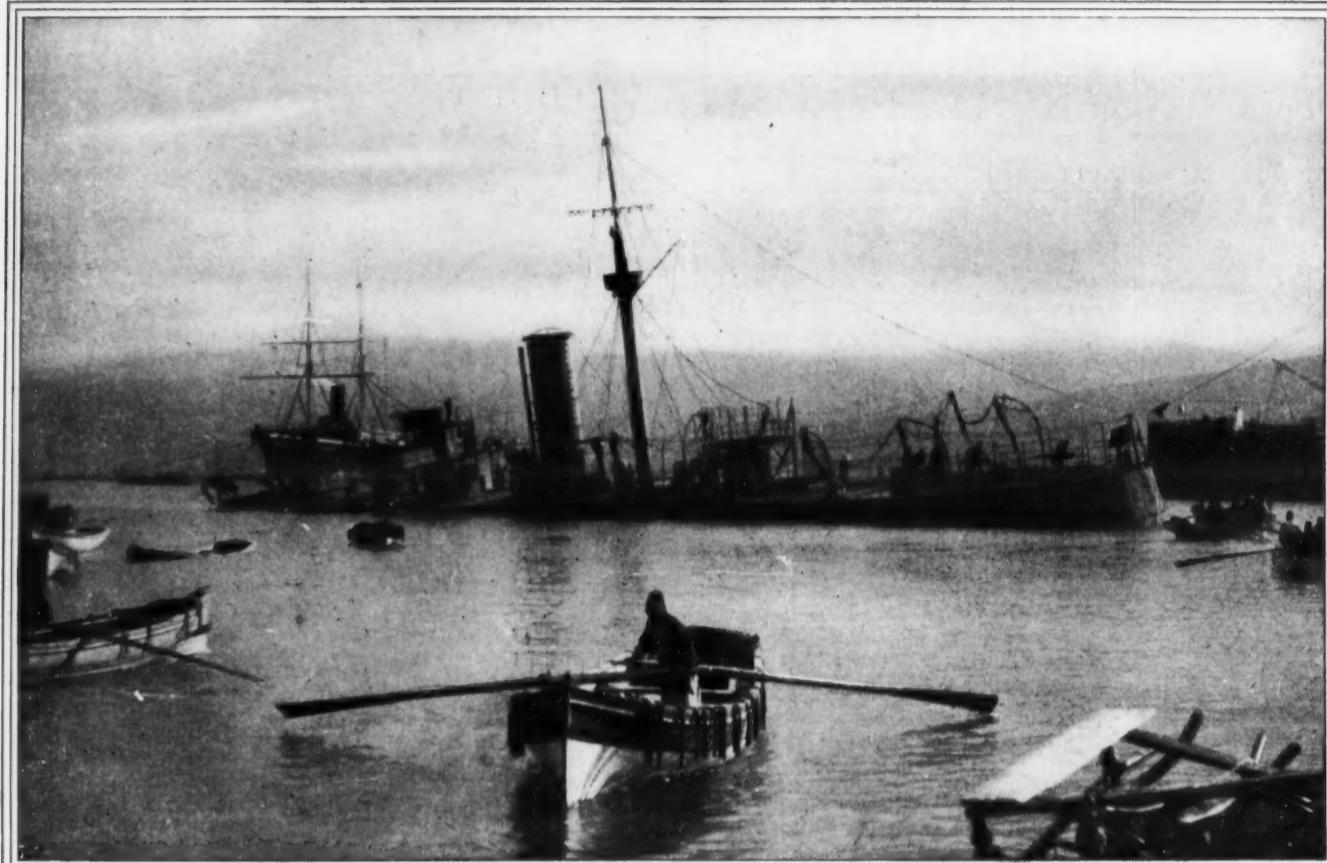
You may have seen a cowboy sliding across a corral on his feet, one end of his riata round his hips and the other round the neck of a struggling broncho. Such an attitude seemed to me appropriate under the circumstances, and as I threw the rope behind my back it was clear to me that if the swordfish got away he would have to take me with him. That fish was mine, for I had earned him.

But there was to be no such watery end to this particular fishing. It appears that the motive power of fishes resides principally in their tails, and the tail of this one was in my possession. The other end of him was speedily gaffed again, and then with a strong heave we slid the great and beautiful creature into the boat as a wave passed under us. There we lashed him, from the point of his sword to the root of his tail, with all the rope we had, and the war was over. Two hours and thirty-five minutes; nine feet, three and a half inches; and one hundred and eighty-six pounds. To-day he hangs upon my wall, with his mate of the morning, for a remembrance of the best day's fishing I have seen.

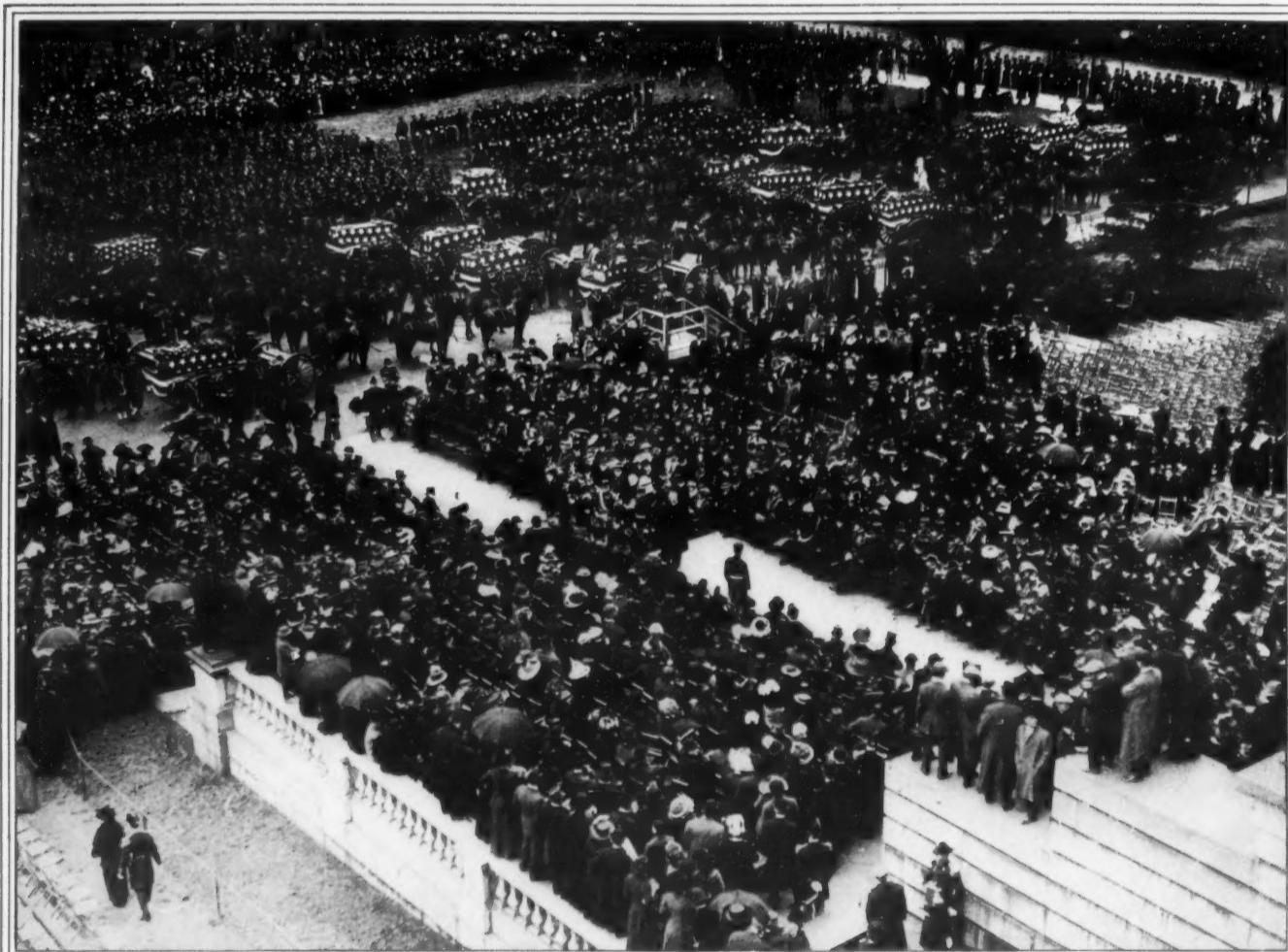
The Delights of All Angling

THERE had been seven swordfish taken already at Catalina during that summer. My morning and evening fish made nine. But that was not all my luck, for between the two lost to themselves but saved to me a third swordfish saved itself by the most remarkable rush in my experience of big game fishes. This fish we saw on the surface at a distance, at about eleven in the morning. When the bait came within its line of sight there was a rush like an arrow, but the strike, as with the other swordfishes hooked that day, was steady and quiet. When I struck, the line was snatched from the reel with inconceivable rapidity. With very little pressure on the brake, the new twenty-four-thread line was actually broken against the water. This statement will be incredible (until explained) to any man who has not taken heavy fish with light tackle. Every man who has will remember occasions when the reel had lost 100 or 150 yards of line, and the angler was letting it go with only the pressure absolutely necessary to prevent overrunning, and all seemed well; when a sudden and suspicious slackness brought his heart into his throat, and after much hoping against hope the frazzled end of a broken line came gloomily in. That was because the fish had turned at an angle to his former course, the line was forced to follow side-wise through the water in a sort of curved hypotenuse, joining the two sides of the triangle along which the fish was swimming, and then the pressure of the water broke it. So with my third swordfish, which I shall always recall and honor for that great rush.

A good many men have asked me whether the gentler kinds of angling still hold their charm after such big sea fishing as I have been trying to describe. My answer is emphatically, yes. I have taken also tarpon, kingfish, yellowtail, the Eastern jewfish, and the Western black sea bass, the albacore, and many kinds of shark, but in spite of it all I can still watch a float in a pond with the same pleasure, if not with the same thrill, as when I was a boy. To catch half a dozen trout through a long, late afternoon gives me the same deep satisfaction it always has. From the days when I angled for minnows with a pin, the delights of the running brooks have held me with a gentle firmness from which I have not escaped and never shall. One kind of fishing may be better than another, yet all are good. For me there is no answer to the question: "What would you rather do than go a-fishing?"



Italian warships sank this Turkish gunboat and its companion, a torpedo boat, in the harbor of Beirut, Syria, on February 24, after a one-sided engagement in which the Turks fired only four shots. Many of the shells aimed by the Italians at the Turkish craft exploded in the city, killing about fifty persons and wounding many.



Final funeral services over the sixty-seven sailors whose bodies were not recovered from the Maine until the ship was raised were held at Washington, with full naval honors, on Saturday, March 23. After a brief speech by President Taft and an invocation by Chaplain Bayard, Father Chidwick, chaplain of the Maine, gave the address. Following this program, the bodies were escorted to a resting place in Arlington National Cemetery.



The Proving of Kinky Larkin

By MARION HAMILTON CARTER : : : ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT DUNTON

WHAT would you do if your girl threw you over?" asked Kinky Larkin.

I looked into his big-boned, freckled face, topped with the hair that got him his nickname, Kinky, and thought I saw a reason on the girl's side; but I answered cautiously: "Well, that would depend on the girl. If she were just a plain, ordinary girl—"

"I ain't talking about no plain, ordinary girl," he interrupted. "Supposin' a girl had blue eyes—like v'llets, cheeks like a rose, mouth like a ripe cherry, teeth like pearls; sings like a bird, dances like a dream, stylish to beat anything in Laramie—or Cheyenne either—or Denver or Omaha—an' she throwed you down, then what?"

"Dear me!" I replied. "With all those endearing young charms in my girl—if I had one—I might be tempted to almost anything."

Kinky looked at me to make sure I wasn't slyly laughing at him, but I kept a sober face, so he pinned his faith in my sympathy and understanding to my last words about being tempted to almost anything, and ejaculated: "That's me!"

HE STOPPED so dead short after the announcement, observing me steadily the while, that I presently felt obliged to say something out of mere politeness; and, after fishing up several remarks that would not seem to force his confidence, I finally said: "She must be very pretty if she's like that."

"Pretty!" he echoed. "Why, she's that pretty you could look at her a week—an' then some. She's that pretty you could lay down in a mud puddle an' let her step acrost on yer head. She's that pretty you could eat her—" Words failed him here, and he gulped back his emotion. From the way he swallowed, it seemed to me that his mouth was parched with the inner fire. "Pretty—my goodness!" he ended softly, and with these words, sure that I must be with him, he threw back his sheepskin vest. Over his heart was fastened a ten-cent photograph pin. He held it toward me, though without removing it, his face set in an expression of pained solemnity and pride.

"That's her," he breathed in an awed way.

She was pretty even without the coloring that evidently constituted part of her fascination. She smiled. She looked merry and competent—as though she had a will of her own and was used to having things to her liking. Judging by her picture, I couldn't imagine her fancying Kinky Larkin in a matrimonial connection;

but having fancied—say for an hour—I conjectured that she'd recover quickly and let him go.

I confess my sympathies at the moment were quite with the girl as I examined Kinky again—a coarse, uncouth cow-puncher didn't seem in the least her kind. But as my look returned from his knuckly, dirty hands to his face, I saw his lips trembling.

"Yes—she's very pretty—very," I assured him.

He gave one long stare at the picture and stammered out: "She's throwed me over—an' I don't know why." Then he put his head down on his elbow and sobbed.

After that my sympathies were forever on Kinky's side.

ABOUT a week later Kinky Larkin rode over to the ranch where I stay in the summer, and asked me if I didn't "want to go a piece down the river, fishin'."

I didn't fish, and Kinky knew it, for he'd suggested it twice and I'd declined—that was before he'd given way to grief at my side; so I judged from that and the look in his eyes that he had something for my private ear. Considering that he was twenty, and the Union Pacific cut-rate tickets were now describing me as "middle-aged," I gave no anxious thought to the proprieties involved, but got my hat and went along with him.

We walked in silence—unless I except Kinky's eloquent side glances—until we came to the wire fence. Kinky set his foot on the lowest strand and pulled up the two above it. As I crawled beneath it, he put a clumsy hand under my arm and lifted me, not to but off my feet, about as if I'd been a four-year-old child.

It was the first time I ever realized the boy's immense strength in his six feet of thin, ungainly body, though I'd heard stories of his performance—such as his lifting a wagon with a half-ton load out of a rut, and things like that.

ACTUALLY it gave me a sort of fright to be picked up that way. I passed it off with a laugh and looked up in his face. There was an expression on it I'd not seen before—a great gentleness in the eyes, but something horribly grim and wicked in the mouth, that made you feel he'd carry out anything, even murder, he'd set his mind on. With a sudden insight, I seemed to know why the pretty girl had fancied him and why she'd thrown him over: marriage with an untamed grizzly bear—even an affectionate one—isn't a pleasing prospect to all.

We reached the dam where we were supposed to fish. Kinky looked at the water, but made no attempt to set

up the rod. Then he suddenly turned to me, drew a big six-shooter from its holster, and informed me: "Somebody's agoin' fer to die with this here gun."

"Give me that gun," I commanded, holding out my hand.

I stood still. He stood still—and we measured will powers.

"Why—it ain't you—you didn't think that, did you?" he explained hastily.

I silently confronted him, waiting. After a few more seconds he put the weapon in my hand.

I knew there would be no fishing that day, so I sat down on the bank, motioning him to do the same, and laid the revolver out of his immediate reach.

"Now, Kinky, what's the matter that you're going on like this?" I demanded.

It was the first time I'd called him Kinky, or even addressed him by name at all. In view of our relative ages and positions, "Mr. Larkin" seemed a bit far-fetched, yet "Kinky" appeared too familiar for our short acquaintance. I didn't know he had another name—he himself claimed to have forgotten whether it were Joe or John.

KINKY pulled a few spears of dry grass and snapped them to fragments; I gathered the pebbles within reach and flipped them into the dam. When he got ready to speak he poured it all out at once, like an eruption of emotional lava that left the atmosphere feeling hot after he got through.

"I ain't got anything in the world but my horse and saddle. I ain't got no money—I ain't got no home—stead claim—I ain't old enough to file on one, but I got it picked out an' I'm goin' to file soon's I'm of age. I ain't got nothin'—but I'm a *man* an' I mean now to show 'em what's what! Her mother, she says I couldn't support no girl, let alone one raised the way she's been. Couldn't support a wife if I had one! My conscience!—ain't I got these two *hands*?—ain't I got these *arms*?"

He clenched his fists and knotted up his muscles, telling me "feel and see if he couldn't work."

They were like lumps of wood. I exclaimed: "My—but you're strong!" and he laughed.

"You see," he chuckled, "I don't need that there gun fer what I'm goin' to do—that's why I give it to you."

His laugh, then, was the sly laugh of a child pleased at outwitting an elder. And the laugh changed into the most utterly fiendish, abandoned look I have ever seen

on a human face. His hands, ready to clutch, were close to me, and his words dropped out, hard as stones.

"I'm agoin' to kill that fella—with my hands. I'm agoin' to tear him up in little bits—with my hands. An' then I'm agoin' to scatter him from here to Laramie—with my hands."

I was too fascinated with this exhibition of man-in-the-raw to be frightened. However, I made no comment, deeming it wise to let him work off his blood-thirsty mood without my assistance. Seeing me perfectly quiet, he suddenly questioned: "Don't you believe it?"

I shook my head. "I don't see the reason for it—yet," I answered noncommittally.

"You will in a minute," he blurted confidently. "That girl was same as *engaged* to me—I told her I was goin' to marry her soon's I filed on my homestead an' had money to support her with."

"And she'd promised to marry you? It was settled?"

Kinky gave me a look of astonishment, as though my question were beside the mark, and repeated, emphasizing each word for my better understanding:

"*I told her I was agoin' to marry her, an'*, by gosh, that ought to be enough fer any girl from here to Omaha."

I COULD see that to his mind it was ample reason, though it appeared to lack the fair one's consent; but there was about him such a sturdy air of honesty of purpose, of determination, pluck, and grit that I couldn't help feeling he wasn't altogether out of the way. As I looked at the ugly face with his crinkled hair showing under his back-tilted hat, I thought what a pity he'd never been educated—up to his aspirations, for instance; and what a man he'd have been in the business world, hurling himself against large issues. It was enough for him that he was "going to do it"—whatever it was—and everything was brushed aside before his will. Everything but a woman! The Kinky method isn't always the way to go after them; and with a high-spirited girl just trying herself out amid her young admirers and thinking she's only to look round and take her pick—well, to tell her she's got to marry Mr. Kinky, isn't calculated to conciliate.

I explained this to Kinky. "You can't just jump in and appropriate a girl—not in this country," I said.

"All the same, there ain't no fella in this country agoin' to marry that girl but *me*," he flung back with a slap on his chest for emphasis. "I'll see that there counter-trotter from Pennsylvania dead 'fore he marries her."

I FELT at this juncture that I might ask a few pointed questions, and the case was about as I surmised: my impetuous young friend hadn't contented himself with informing the lady of his choice he meant to marry her out of hand—(to which declaration she had returned nothing but a smile)—he had actually forbidden her to "go round with" anybody else, and in particular the young man from Pennsylvania, who was working in a store in Laramie.

The lady had not deigned to reply to the letter in which Kinky delivered this decree, and it was this omission that had caused him to tell me she'd "threwed him over and he didn't know why." Any woman could have told him *why* in two flips of an eyelash!

"Really, my dear boy, this sort of thing won't do," I admonished. "A jealous husband is bad enough—though he, at least, has some rights in the case; but when it comes to a young fellow's dictating to a girl who hasn't even promised to marry him at all—"

Kinky looked up suddenly, and I paused; still I thought he might as well have the rest of it for the good of his soul.

"When it comes to his taking such liberties with a girl's rights in choosing her company as to tell her who she mustn't 'go round with,' why it's simply detestable—it's unheard of in a civilized community—unheard of, that's all."

Kinky was crestfallen. For comment on my homily, he pulled more grass and broke it into fragments. These thoughts were all new to him and did not fit in with his ideas of doing things in a large, free way. For some time he kneaded them over silently, and then

brought out this: "The old lady, she don't waste no love on me. I told her I was agoin' to marry Flora."

The statement appeared to lack detail, so I asked: "And when you told her that, what did she say?"

Kinky hesitated a considerable time before he replied: "She laughed."

He stopped at that as though debating whether to tell me the rest or not, but decided finally to let me hear the worst.

"She said I hadn't anything to marry on, an' when I told her I was agoin' to git it somewhere, I didn't know where yet, she got mad an' asked me if I meant to rustle it. She said she'd see her girl dead 'fore she'd see her married to a *rustler*."

again, Kinky went on, now anxious that I should know the whole of his grievance.

"She said she'd rather be dead in her grave than see Flora work the way *she* done; she said she known all about how it was to build up a homestead—she done it. She said I couldn't tell her things would be no different with me—only *worse*. . . . But they would—they would be different," he urged, repeating passionately: "Ain't I got these two arms—ain't I got these hands? I'd work 'em off fer her. Day an' night, I'd never stop. I'd die fer the girl I love. I'm a *man*."

His words then thrilled me. The Kinky who spoke was a man. I reached out and picked up the revolver, still lying on the grass.

"Prove it," I commanded earnestly.

"Prove to them both that you're a man. Not with this—" I placed the revolver in his hand—"not by bullying a girl who may not know her own mind; not by intimidating a helpless old woman who has toiled all her life for the girl you love; not by threatening the man who may honestly love her, too—and has a right to. Go in and win or lose your girl in a fair fight. And if you must lose her, show her you know how to lose, not like a spiteful half-breed but like a white man and—a *gentleman*."

KINKY'S chest heaved. He seemed suddenly to have grown up. I no longer saw his uncouth face, only the light in it as he said: "I'll show her—I'm a *white man*."

Kinky's freshly blossomed desire to show himself a white man bore fruit sooner than I expected. The first plucking was a letter containing many rightly spelled words and one punctuation mark addressed to Miss Flora. It was a strong, manly letter, nevertheless, and began: "I take my pen to rite you I bin a fool you can go with who you ples but kno I don't give you up."

It was like Kinky all over, that letter—he fired his statements at her as though she'd been a target; "I mene to git an edjication I mene to git a job I mene to make money and I will sho you I am a white man." The winding-up sentence, a little below the main body of the text, was a masterpiece of penmanship—for Kinky. "I love you morn any girl in this world and I mene to win you in a fair fit." In place of the period were two intertwined hearts.

KINKY consulted me as to the advisability of saying anything about "that counter-trotter"; but I opposed all personalities on the ground that they were calculated to inspire hard feelings toward their author and sympathy for their object. He then requested me to correct the spelling and let him rewrite the letter, "just to show her" he "meant business on the education part." But I felt the letter had a fine convincing flavor of its own, and I made him send it just as it came fresh from the pen of its creator.

In course of time the answer was received, which, at a much later date, Kinky showed me—a little, commonplace note, in a little, commonplace hand, saying she was "glad" he realized how unkind he had been; "glad" he was going to educate himself; "glad" he was going to get work, and that she hoped he'd prosper in whatever he undertook, and she'd be "glad" to see him when he came to town. A good many cold "glads" was the way it struck me, and only very feebly encouraging.

It did its good work, however—Kinky was thrilled. He seemed in some sort to feel *set right* with his world; the letter was as a seal on his determination. But he did not—as I should have expected—rush off to her the minute he opened it.

He stayed with his job. However, I am running ahead of my story.

The letter of apology sent—for such it truly was—Kinky gave me the next fruit of our former interview: he had taken a job and was on his way to it.

"Say—I guess you were right about the old lady," he confided.

"In what way?"

"Well—if I'd raised a peach of a girl like that, why, I'd want fer her to marry the best fella she could git atop o' the earth. So it's up to me."

"And I believe you're going to be the best fellow she

(Continued on page 38)



And this was the outfit that appeared at the next ranch late in the afternoon

Mr. Durgan and the New Cookery

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. POST



hot waffles and cakes and cones—in fact, all he would eat of the sort was a slice of cold light bread, which I should think would sit as heavily on anyone's stomach as a sin.

Along with his change of diet came a lasting mood that was nothing short of bad temper. At first I thought it was because of the way I held him off in his courting, for I had no intention of immediately letting him find out whether I meant in the end to give him my hand or not. I was not a deal in stocks to be settled between breakfast time and noon. But I will confess, to my mortification, that I soon found out it wasn't my attitude that was bothering him at all, but indigestion. He actually laid it at the door of the hot breads he had eaten with us. Of course, he tried not to reflect on our hospitality, for, equally of course, he is a gentleman. Naturally, I tried my best to show him that it was not our cookery that was at fault, but the Northern difficulties of assimilation. Perhaps I might have convinced him if it had not been for Micajah Carter.

I REMEMBER well the first time that Mr. Durgan ever saw Micajah. It was soon after he had come South. I was carrying him to call on Nannie Lee. She is all of twenty-eight and very pretty still, and I thought I would like to see if Mr. Durgan's attentions to me would weather acquaintanceship with Nannie, who certainly is fascinating. If he fell in love with Nannie, like most everyone did, why, then it was better for me to know it at once. If he did not fall in love with Nannie, then certainly no one else could ever cut me out; and again if he did fall in love with her, it would not do him any good, for I knew that Nannie would never care for any man but one.

So, however one looked at it, taking Mr. Durgan to Nannie's was just in the nature of a dashing adventure with ultimate safety. We were driving toward Nannie's when he first saw Micajah Carter.

"Who ever is that drooping vine and fig tree?" asked Mr. Durgan.

IT CERTAINLY was true that Micajah drooped just like his place. He was a gentleman, and he looked it when he straightened up to speak to a lady, and, as for his bow—well, all the Carters have always been famous for their bowing and curtsying. And Micajah has splendid blue eyes with fire in them still for all his bad luck, and hair that makes you just want to put your fingers in the curls of it. But when Micajah was alone, or thought he was, he certainly did, well, not exactly sag or slack, for one would only use those terms of

poor white trash; but he made you feel as if his bones and muscles had turned to elastic, with the stretch all out of it.

You see, after the war his father had nothing and the whole family went on having nothing, putting more and more mortgages on the place. Now that Micajah was the last, and that there was no opportunity to mortgage the land or the house any more, he had to mortgage the very crops before he put the seed in. His land was not so very good either, and so he was always in debt, and I reckon if one or two cousins had not died and left him enough to pay off the interest on the mortgages he would have been obliged to emigrate to the North. No wonder he was discouraged and that his body showed it, for he couldn't move forward or back, and his troubles with his land were nothing like so heavy as his troubles with his courting.

So I said to Mr. Durgan: "That's poor Micajah Carter."

"Micajah Kee-aw-tah," he mimicked. For, of course, the Northerners are often surprised when they hear proper pronunciation.

He kept saying "Kee-aw-tah" over and over again as if he liked it, and from that he began to get interested in Micajah and his troubles. I had intended Mr. Durgan to meet Nannie before I told him anything about Nannie's romance, because a gentleman may be either not affected at all by a pretty girl whose heart is in another's keeping, or else so much affected that he begins to think she is wasting herself on the other man and tries to give her feelings a new direction. However, I told him how Nannie's sisters were one by one married to Englishmen of good family. The eldest went first, and she brought her sisters out, one after another. Only Nannie was obdurate, because Micajah Carter was on earth. I can't tell you how much old Major Lee spent on Nannie's clothes when she was in England. But behind every Englishman they showed her she saw the shadow of Micajah. If he were taller than Micajah, then he was too tall; if he were just Micajah's height, then he didn't carry himself so gracefully; if he was shorter, then he was not to be considered. If he were rich, then she detested him for having money when Micajah was so poor.

THEY just couldn't do anything with Nannie, and, of course, she and Micajah couldn't marry with nothing to live on, for Major Lee only had enough to scratch along on. Naturally, he wouldn't take even presents from his married daughters.

We had gotten to Major Lee's gate by this time, and a little nigger opened it for us and the Major and Nannie came out on the steps to meet us. Nannie Lee was as lovely as a dream that day, with her black hair making purple shadows on her forehead, and her long black lashes, so heavy it seemed like she could hardly lift



It seems that his customers had followed Mrs. Shorting's advice absolutely

MY OWN idea is that we should do everything we can for Northerners. Maybe beating us in the Civil War was good for the nation at large, but it certainly was bad for the Northerners, because nothing has been able to stop them ever since. Their chase after success has put them into a kind of perpetual motion; they have to be doing something, even if it doesn't amount to anything, only they always think it does amount to something.

It is because he has such characteristics that there are some people in our little community who never will get used to Mr. Durgan. He is a big New Yorker with an Irish core, who made a heap of money, and got all tired out keeping hold of it, and so he bought a place in that little nook of the Blue Ridge where a few of us Southerners and some English live. He said he came to rest, in which case I trust no one may ever see him at work. It was not two weeks before he began courting me—long before anyone suspected that he much more than knew one lady of our community from another. When I was younger and other gentlemen courted me, the fashion of doing so was more deliberate.

When I told Mr. Durgan this, he remarked with unpardonable flippancy that he supposed the Southerners prayed to the family portraits for a sign before they picked out a girl. The thought was really almost profane, because, of course, if we permitted Providence to actually guide love affairs there would be no excitement at all and certainly no mystery, for one would have to show Providence more respect than one could possibly accord a lover.

WE ALL invited Mr. Durgan a great deal to our houses and he seemed to like to come. If we said tea about four, he'd be there at four and keep watching the clock until one of the niggers brought in the tray. When he came to supper at my house, if a meal was more than an hour late he would ask me in a cool, horrid way, if the cook was sick, when everyone knows what niggers are since Reconstruction. Northerners set such a queer value on time. They are so nervous about it that it looks like it is given them as a kind of hair shirt or cat-o'-nine tails to torture themselves with. And when you ask them what they have done with their valuable time, it seems they have only taken some man out to an expensive lunch and talked a lot of business and not decided anything at all. Then one of them calls the other up over the telephone before closing time and they settle the matter in five minutes.

BUT in spite of his irritation at what he called our waste of time, Mr. Durgan came to our dinners and suppers whenever he was invited, which was pretty often, and we were all pleased at his appetite—at least we were in the beginning. I believe I was the first one to see that it was waning. He refused hot bread, hot muffins,

them off her pale cheeks. Of course, she was mighty nice to Mr. Durgan. I could see that out of the tail of my eye as I talked to the Major. She always said she had no room in her heart for any man except Micajah Carter, but I notice she was always able to admire a fine-looking man, unattached or not. Still, her lot was hard enough, for the Major would not let Micajah call, and Micajah was proud and stayed away, and he and Nannie met only now and then by chance.

But when we drove away, if you believe me, Mr. Durgan said nothing about her beauty or the Major's good manner, or the charm of the old Lee house. No, he flicked the whip emphatically over the back of the pony and remarked:

"Sallie Rives, these two people, Micajah Carter and Miss Lee, have the same complaint."

"Of course," I said softly, "doomed never to be united—"

"I am not talking about love," Mr. Durgan interrupted. "It's indigestion ails them; too much hot bread."

I WAS so shocked I could not speak, and he went on:

"It's the wrong cookery down here that takes the fiber out of people. Do you suppose your Micajah Kee-aw-tah would dribble all over his gate if he had the right diet? He would not. Do you suppose she would have that white face and those languid eyes? She would not. He'd get a job in Richmond and elope with her to a three-room flat some place, where she could practice sanitary cooking. As it is they have got pains in their insides and no ambition or enterprise, and they call it romance. I'd show them."

I said as calmly as I could:

"There are enough gentlemen in Richmond working at two dollars a day for white trash whom in the old days even the negroes despised."

"That's all right," said Mr. Durgan, "and if there were more such gentlemen there would be less mortgaging of crops and less leaving the farming to niggers and philandering around oneself in hopeless love."

I said nothing, but then and there I added to the length of time I had inwardly determined on as proper to hesitate before responding to Mr. Durgan's proposal of marriage. I must give him time enough to understand the feelings of Southern ladies and gentlemen.

During the next few days Mr. Durgan and Micajah Carter became fast friends. Somehow Mr. Durgan has a way of getting whatever he wants. It seems to be a Northern characteristic. I have reason to believe, also, that my suitor called on Nannie Lee once or twice. Presently I found out that his motives were not social, as I had supposed, but that he had been merely seeking to unleash his Northern passion for reform. He wanted to build us over from the inside, but he was working through instruments. Micajah and Nannie were the instruments.

MICAJAH would go around telling the men that if the crops were poor, it was owing to indigestion; then he would proceed to develop Mr. Durgan's theories. By and by Micajah introduced improvements of his own. He knew that the men would have parted from their wives as easily as from their hot bread, so he put the blame of things on their wives. The indigestion was there, he said, and no one could dispute it; only it was not the fault of the hot bread, but of the way it was made. As long as women believed in cooking by the eye or by inspiration, putting in a pinch of salt here and butter the size of an egg there, when everyone knows how eggs vary, so long would the men have to



Nannie went on feeding scientific food to her father

suffer. It was the old story of Adam wanting some one to blame.

Nannie talked about the thing at the Woman's Club from the hygienic standpoint till we were most tired to death of it. But when she began to say that our complexions were being ruined by unscientific cookery, and that when we embraced hot bread we invited yellow skins, and eschewed red cheeks, then some of the ladies began to listen. They didn't see how they could give up good Southern food, but if there was anything in the new ideas of cookery they thought perhaps there might be some way of compromising, of adapting the new methods to the old material; or as Mr. Durgan said cynically, and I am sure untruthfully, of both eating your cake and having it.

And, of course, Mr. Durgan was at the bottom of all that followed, though he covered up his tracks with Micajah and Nannie. It seemed that a certain widow, Mrs. Shorting, a great authority on cooking and with a monthly page on cooking in one of the important woman magazines, was spending the summer in Charlottesville. Nannie insisted that she should be asked to give a course of lectures before our club. Micajah egged on the men to urge the women to have her. And with everybody willing, of course, Mrs. Shorting came. She was good-looking and still young enough to be able to wear black well; and I cannot help thinking that somehow it was an impertinence for her to have a good figure and a pretty speaking voice when she was merely teaching us how to cook scientifically. It seems to me

that bogginess and bored eyes and a sluggish way of moving would have gone better with the work.

It was nothing to me that Mr. Durgan chose to make himself agreeable to her by carrying her to and from Charlottesville in his motor car on the day of her lecture. Nannie Lee said it was nothing to her that Micajah went into the city once a week to see Mrs. Shorting. The only thing she objected to was his excuse. He said he was taking a special course of household economics with her, when, of course, that was manifestly absurd. What would a man be wanting with such a thing? He certainly would not need it in order to feel superior to his wife or sweetheart. No; Nannie said she would have respected Micajah more if he had told her the truth and admitted that he was calling on Mrs. Shorting because he wanted to.

WHAT Nannie and I resented most about Mrs. Shorting was the interest she seemed to take in us. She used to talk to me about Mr. Durgan and to Nannie about Micajah, somehow or other implying that when Mr. Durgan was with her his thoughts were all of me, and that when Micajah was with her, his thoughts were all for Nannie. As a matter of fact, while neither of us were as old as Mrs. Shorting, we knew men better than that. When a man is with any particular woman, if he is an attractive man and she has any spirit herself, she does her best to see to it that he shall not have occasion to be brooding over any other woman. So Nannie and I put her talk down to sheer artfulness.

The other ladies of the club sat at her feet. Women always do seem to have that adoring attitude toward anyone who is teaching them anything, and I must say that Mrs. Shorting had a high-handed and confident way with her. Later on when she had made them so much trouble the ladies were not quite so pleased with her. But at first Nannie and I got right sick of the way they were always praising her.

And then her methods were not—not quite delicate. I do not know what my mother would have thought about the words she saw fit to use, and the knowledge she displayed which should belong to butchers and such people, and is not supposed to filter into polite society. To be candid, she actually dissected a half a cow in our presence. It was quite awful the way she handled its limbs and spoke so openly about its anatomy. Nannie and I lost most of that lesson, for we hardly dared raise our faces, although the married ladies followed it, on economic grounds they said, for she told them how to judge the grain of the meat, and what were the best cuts, and what they should pay, and all that, and she advised them to have private scales.

OUR butcher makes his rounds in a cart three times a week, and soon after Mrs. Shorting's lesson on the cow I met his wife going home to her mother's. The poor creature said that her life was insupportable, and that she was going away until her husband got used to the ruin Mrs. Shorting was bringing on him, or else till he was entirely bankrupt. She said her husband said that this Mrs. Shorting knew entirely too much and was no lady besides. It seems that his customers had followed Mrs. Shorting's advice absolutely, and they weighed every bit he handed out to them, and they all wanted the same cuts of meat, and there was no use

(Continued on page 32)



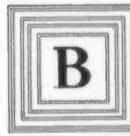
Then he would proceed to develop Mr. Durgan's theories

"The Terrible Meek"

By ARTHUR RUHL



Miss Edith Wynne Matthison in the new one-act play, "The Terrible Meek"



BEFORE the curtain rises on "The Terrible Meek" at The Little Theatre, the lights are turned out and the audience held for a few moments in complete darkness. Out of this gloom comes, presently, a woman's moaning; then a man's voice; then the vaguest glimmer of light, as if from a covered lantern, and two men, an officer and one of his soldiers, are talking.

There has been an execution. The broad cockney of the private and references to the price of empire suggest India and South Africa, and the spectator wonders whether it is some poor "native" or another Danny Deever who's swinging overhead. The officer is peculiarly shaken, and his growing doubts and questionings as to what the man did and whether after all he was really guilty, at last go too far for the soldier's blunt habit of duty. After all, says he, duty's duty and orders is orders. He'd kill the Lord God himself if his superior officer told him to.

He goes, and the woman's moaning is heard again. It is her son they have killed—the son who had only kindness and sympathy for everyone. As her heartbroken monologue progresses, a gaunt something glimmers vaguely against the blackness, and presently the fact dawns on the startled audience that they are looking through a thin veil of contemporary words at the hill of Calvary on the night of the Crucifixion.

The officer, overcome at last with conviction of his guilt, begs the mother to forgive him. The son is not "dead," he comforts her, and the whole world will be different because of him—a world where sons will

not be murdered, where wars may some day cease—"the earth is His. The meek, the terrible meek, the fierce, agonizing meek, are about to enter upon their inheritance."

In the midst of their exaltation the soldier comes back. There is another job to be done—more killing—and the officer has been ordered to take charge of it. He refuses and tells the dumfounded private to take that message back—he refuses to obey orders. Darkness closes about him completely now; through it his voice is heard—"How simple it all is after all!"—then the light comes. In the full glare of the sun stands a Roman centurion, a woman, and above them, against the lurid sky, the three crosses of Calvary.

The effect of this picture on its first audience was startling. The long wait in pitch blackness before the voices were first heard had demoralized them. One man had lit an automatic cigar lighter, some had giggled and applauded, a few hissed. There was considerable nervousness all through the wordy action, but the almost physical shock of this final tableau left the audience speechless. They sat in dead silence during the several slow movements that preceded the turning up of the lights, and filed out in silence, scarcely speaking until they were again in the daylight of Forty-fourth Street.

Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy certainly has courage of a sort—a courage, in this case, considerably above his accomplishment. Primitive or very simple folk have their Passion plays, which seem a natural and appropriate expression of their faith; or such a subject may be presented on the

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By
WALLACE IRWIN

Drawn by
B. CORY KILVERT



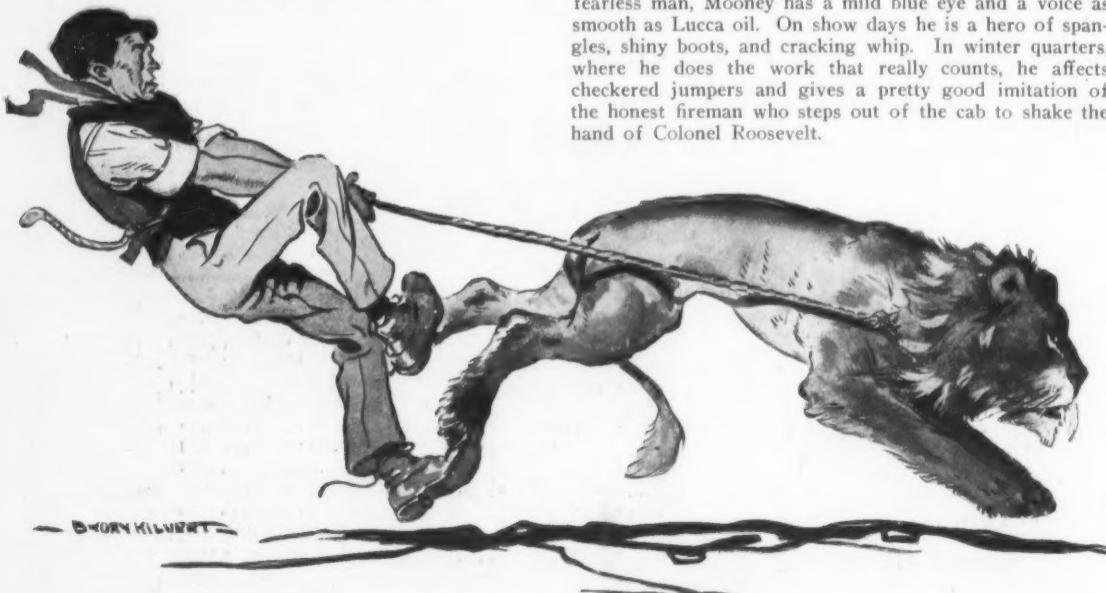
WAS a bleak day in early March, so the story goes, when Kilvert and I, intent upon tracking the circus to its winter lair, descended from a Bridgeport trolley, turned sharply to the right and met the circus face to face. No golden, glorious banners, no whooping calliope or frog-voiced peanut butcher greeted our approach. Silence and a forest of drab warehouses; for seeing a circus in winter quarters is like looking on a banquet in the ice box—it is all there, but where the glitter and illusion of that splendid feast? Pomp under a wet blanket, romance in rubber boots, a circus in cold storage!

"It looks like a carpet-cleaning works," muttered Kilvert, who is susceptible to impressions, being an artist.

"Carpet-cleaning works don't smell of elephants," I pointed out with the quick instinct of a nature lover. There was a sound of beating hammers under a shed near by; some one was whistling a tune reminiscent of many a dear, dead calliope. Two hundred and sixty-seven soiled and shaggy horses—I counted 'em later—were milling around in a muddy corral, indulging in roguish kicks and having a perfectly bully time. Their gambols heartened me.

BEHIND a golden oak rail in a department labeled "Office" we found Mr. Charley Hutchinson, of the Management, dictating calm figures to a stenographer. Mist' Captain Happy Jack, boss canvasman, stood at the telephone ordering a thousand feet of oak lumber—"and I don't want it all knot holes, neither—the stuff y' been sending us ain't lumber, it's Swiss cheese!" By a stove in the corner a roustabout was binding up a sore finger where a jaguar had bitten him.

Charley Hutchinson's face rose above the desk round and rich, like a harvest moon. A Presidential candidate is not easier of approach than is Charley Hutchinson.



Popcorn took the notion to take Hither round to the barn

A Circus in C

"What do you want to know?" he asked.

"Everything about the circus," said I, hurriedly borrowing a pencil of Kilvert.

"Well," said Charley, "I'll tell you all at once. An elephant eats a hundred pounds of hay per day; we carry eleven hundred people with us on the road; a hippopotamus is more intelligent than an emu; our traveling expense is seven hundred dollars a day; we keep our camels outdoors in winter because they like the cold; we build our own cars, tents, and wagons right here on the place; all the cream-colored horses come from Los Angeles; we're preparing a spectacle called 'Cleopatra' with a thousand people in it; when the hyena howls it's a sure sign of rain; we carry a hundred and seventy-eight wagons and—"

"Facts," I said, "but chill and dead. What we seek are impressions of life—of circus life. Something smelling of the sawdust, some rake-helly tale, told in the vernacular, smacking of adventure on the road."

"If it's vernacular you want," said Charley Hutchinson, "come with me and talk with Baraboo Fats."

THE winter quarters are built in hollow square, in the center a tangle of tracks and sidings whereon the circus box cars flock in untamed droves, shrieking their house-afire yellows and strike-me reds to the affrighted sky. We found Mr. Baraboo Fats, a baby elephant of a man, pulling a tarpaulin, labeled "Wild Animals—Keep Away," over an empty cage wagon.

"Baraboo," said Charley Hutchinson, "I want to introduce you to my friends. By the way, what is your real name?"

"Omaha Shorty," said Mr. Baraboo promptly.

"I want to hear a genuine adventure of circus life," said I, seizing the opportunity.

Baraboo Fats scratched the pink, bald tonsure on top of his head.

"Here's a little thing," he said. "It was a bright June day back in '88 when a fierce klem broke out between Bible Back and Seldom Ready. Them boys was both peaceful razorbills up to then, but a klem's a klem. We was troopin' with a six-bull-eight-hump rail-caravan about two dukies west o' Harrisburg, the rattler goin' full tilt, when the question o' kale come up, and first we knowed Bible Back had belted Seldom Ready with a Circassian Beauty—"

"Stop and translate!" I cried. With the kind help of Charley Hutchinson and Mist' Captain Happy Jack, I was able to do the above paragraph into English. "Klem," I learned, is Circassian for "quarrel," "trooping" is "traveling," a "six-bull-eight-hump rail-caravan" is a "six-elephant-and-eight-camel minor-circus." A "dukie" means a "train lunch," therefore the unpleasantness must have been about two train-lunches west of Harrisburg. "Rattler"—train—"kale"—money.

"But why should Mr. Bible Back have belted Mr. Seldom Ready with the Circassian Beauty? Is there no law to protect these ladies?"

"A Circassian Beauty ain't no lady—not in the show business. That's the name we get for a tent peg what's been hammered on top till it's all fluffy like a head o' hair."

"Let's go over and see the elephants," said I in a tense, strained voice to Charley Hutchinson.

The "bull barn," as the canvasmen have elected to call the elephant house, is a rough brick hippodrome presided over by Mr. Harry Mooney, "the boss bull man," a wizard who, the circus men declare, could educate a flock of dragons to cavort like dancing mice. His twenty-eight performing elephants are all of the poly-poly East Indian variety. He despises the gaunt, stately African elephant as a creature of light mind and heavy feet. (For a little menagerie muckraking, you should hear what they say about the late lamented Jumbo!) Being an absolutely fearless man, Mooney has a mild blue eye and a voice as smooth as Lucca oil. On show days he is a hero of spangles, shiny boots, and cracking whip. In winter quarters, where he does the work that really counts, he affects checkered jumpers and gives a pretty good imitation of the honest fireman who steps out of the cab to shake the hand of Colonel Roosevelt.



"It's an elephant's way of getting

The bull barn, as we entered, shook with a series of wind bellows and apocalyptic roarings. I hesitated, I confess it. I had heard about the maddened charge of the elephant herd, and I never fancied this bargain-sale type of death. In the dim light of the barn I could see the herd, peacefully loafing in their stalls. In the big dirt ring at the center lay a vast, gray mass, kicking and struggling while half a dozen dwarfish creatures crawled busily over the great body, tormenting it with fiery benzine blow lamps, such as plumbers use on gas pipes. It was sinister, grotesque; Liliput torturing Brobdingnag.

"Hold 'er down, Bill," said a quiet voice. "Burn a little more off behind 'er ears."

"They're singein' Queenie," explained a bull man, lounging near. "They do it every spring to clean 'em off. It's an elephant's way of gettin' a hair cut."

WHEN Queenie was released and led away, Harry Mooney came over to where we stood. He apologized for not shaking hands.

"You'd smell like an elephant the rest of your life," he said.

"Doesn't that trial by fire 'make Queenie peevish?' I asked.

"Queenie? No! She's never peevish. That little one yells because she's a baby, that's all." He refers to his elephants as "little ones," and is serious about it. "Did you ever see her play tag with the rooster?"

I didn't, so the game was arranged. Queenie was turned loose to roam. She walked straight over to the hay pile and, groping slyly with her trunk, scared out a little red rooster who flew cackling into the ring. Queenie then proceeded to torment that rooster in a logical and methodical manner. First she would sneak up on him from behind and poke him up gently with the end of her trunk. The rooster would start away with a hysterical cackle, Queenie following just far enough behind to make things interesting. Round and round ran the rooster; round and round ran Queenie. When the rooster would double on his tracks, Queenie would head him off with an agility that was actually graceful. At last the rooster, ragged beyond endurance, suddenly stopped, ruffled up his neck feathers and attacked Queenie as man to man. This was too much for her nerves. She raised her trunk, gave one hopeless sneeze, then turned on her tail and ran headlong into her stall.

"The rooster can lick her every time," said Mooney appreciatively. He took me over and introduced me to Queenie, who went through my pockets lightly with the vacuum-cleaner end of her trunk until she came to my cigarette case, which she took out, tasted, then handed back politely. "Full o' fun!" said Mooney, patting her forehead.

"I suppose you do have some narrow squeaks, though?" I asked hopefully.

"Elephants go bad occasionally," he went on, "mostly the males. They have to be chained apart for days, and heaven pity the man who gets in the way!"

"Isn't one apt to go bad suddenly when you're in the way?"

"Oh, you can always tell ahead of time," said Mooney.

Cold Storage



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remember the first night we opened with Joy's concert. The jackass came forward, bowed to the audience and sat on a stool with sheet music between his hoofs. The band started the overture, but when the time came to play, Joy opened his mouth, but didn't utter a sound. It's moments like that that breaks the artist's heart. Billy sang the selection over twelve times, hoping to prompt Joy's memory, but finally the donkey turned with a moan, kicked Billy in the stomach and walked sadly away, as if to say: 'I give up!' Performers are always temperamental!"

"Speakin' o' music," said Baraboo Fats, who appeared on the scene, "that there yarn 'bout Popcorn George and the lion ain't so worse."

WHAT was Popcorn George?" I inquired. "Who was Shakespeare!" sneered the canvasman. "Popcorn's reputation stretched wherever candy was butchered. Started in at the bottom and riz to be an Uncle (proprietor).

"When Popcorn and his wife was a-livin' near winter quarters they took a shine to a pair o' lion cubs named Hither and Yon. Raised 'em like members of the family, always under foot or tryin' to crawl up on yer lap. By the time they was two year old they was the size o' yearlin' calves and just 'bout as gentle. One day Popcorn took the notion to take Hither, the lion, round to the barn where some windjammers (bands-men) were practicin'. Popcorn led Hither by a strap like a dawg; but the minute them windjammers struck up 'Annie Laurie,' Hither let out a roar, put 'is tail between 'is legs and beat it for home, draggin' Popcorn after him, until he'd went through two barbed-wire fences and got discouraged. Hither laid under the bed for two days moanin' and not darin' to come out. Lions is that particlar about music.

"One day, six or seven weeks later, a windjammer with a silver cornet under his arm come up to the place to call on Pop. Hither was settin' on the front porch lickin' 'is paws, but the minute he seen that musical implement, he roared like a dyin' cyclone and snuk under the bed agin."

"A remarkable tale," I said.

"It will be 'fore I'm done," said the canvasman. "That there lion cat growed up to be very savage and was trained for exhibition by a feller that called himself Professor Donderello, though his Christian name was Butternut Sam. One day when he was showin' at a crow town in the West that savage lion up and attacked Butternut and started in to chaw off 'n 'im. All the troopers under the animal top went for Hither with crowbars, hot irons, and other suppressin' tools. No use. Hither was set an' determined to lunch off 'n Butternut Sam. He'd a-finished the job, I guess, but at that moment up there run a windjammer with somp'n bright in 'is hand—"

"A shotgun," I suggested obligingly.

"Wrong. It was a big brass trombone, about sixty donkey-power. Hither, the lion, went right on chawin', but the minute that windjammer put up his trombone and started playin' 'Annie Laurie' the effect was pathetic. The lion dropped his wretched victim, shrunk back, and by the time the song got to the place where it says, 'I'll lay me down and dee,' Hither curled up his heels and passed away with a yowl."

"Do you mean to say a lion would be more afraid of a trombone than a shotgun?" I asked cynically.

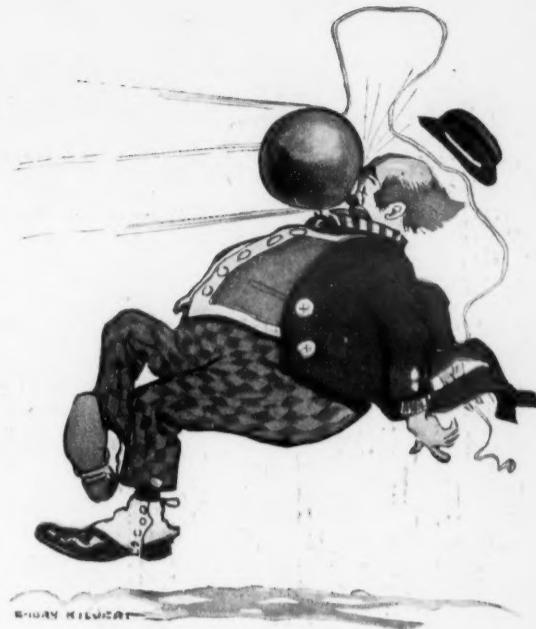
"Mebbe you never heard a circus trombone," said Baraboo as he faded fatly away.

Mooney has a new elephant act, entitled "National League." Kilvert remembers it more distinctly than I for the reason that he should. He was sitting on an overgrown tub sketching busily when somebody shouted: "Move over!" and Kilvert glanced casually up just in time to behold Bessie, one of Mooney's twelve-ton pets, carefully seat herself on the tub beside him. Kilvert does not forget his manners. He arose promptly, not to say precipitately, and gave the lady his seat.

"Do they actually think they're playing a game?" I asked of Mr. Mooney as we went our way after witnessing this elephantine ball game.

"I'll tell you what I think they think," said that king among trainers. "They imagine we're all lunatics and they've got to do these foolish stunts in order to humor us."

Consistent with its character as a modern business corporation, the circus manufactures about everything it uses—and "it's a great user," as Baraboo says. Down in the shops they have just completed a train of elephant cars, each competent to carry six "bulls" and a corps of keepers. Up in the property room I observed efficient Mr. Props making a clown's baby buggy. A half dozen experts behind sewing-machines of magic rapidity are stitching together the canvas for a new main tent; this sort of work is done by the mile rather than by



the yard. Out on the siding a gang of workmen are painting sixty box cars the popular houseafire yellow and labeling them "Greatest Show on Earth." Up in the costume loft spangles by the ton are being attached to costumes by the bale. And as to noble Roman effects—well, I'll wager Antony after the battle of Philippi never picked up so many gilded crests and short swords as I saw scattered the length and breadth of that loft.

THERE is a building devoted to the manufacture and repair of fancy wagons—the nothing-bashful-about-me variety that show mirrors and gold crocodiles on the outside or roll forth covered with grinning moon faces to flare the label "Komikel Kusses" to a humor-loving world. In this department we came upon a Musical Plumber engaged in mending a leaky radiator in a calliope (pronounced call-y-o-pe).

"This here's a beautiful instrument," said the janitor virtuoso, patting the pipes lovingly, much as Ysaye might fondle a rare Amati. "When she's goin' full blast she can loosen all the plaster in a small town and play 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean' in a way that My Bonnie can't help hearin', however far she lies. D'y'e happen to know how the calliope first originated?"

"One of the Muses was named Calliope," I intimated. "It comes from Greek mythology."

"The blazes it does," said the maestro of steam. "It comes from Memphis, Tennessee. The calliope first started with the steamboat shows, travelin' up and down the Mississippi. At first it used to be the habit of circus boats to whistle so's to let the folks in port know they was comin'. Then some ingenious cuss thought of puttin' in two whistles, then three or four that'd play a chord. The engineer, bein' a man o' feelin', it was quite nacheral he should

(Continued on page 24)



"... And land standing on the only horse in Texas"

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

And this is what he dictated:

"Friend Jack: I haven't any tailor. What's the use when I can get better fitted right out of the Spring stock of the Stein-Bloch dealer? Look him up and invest the money you save by patronizing him in an early visit to

Yours ever, Peter B.

P.S. That suit you specially like cost me just—but what's the use?—you'd never believe me. Go find out for yourself."

Whoever—wherever you are Stein-Bloch clothes are within your reach. Write us for the nearest dealer's name..... Our label means 57 years of knowing how. Demand it always.



The Stein-Bloch Company
Rochester, New York
New York Boston Chicago



A Circus in Cold Storage

(Continued from page 23)



Shrieking their house-afire colors to the affrighted sky

learn to play 'Home, Sweet Home,' whenever he wanted to blow off steam. And so the art grew.

"What, in your estimation, is the most successful tune ever chortled on the calliope?"

"I suppose, by and large, that 'Where, O Where, Has My Little Dog Gone' has influenced more folks for good than any other selection ever jammed on the whistles. 'Maiden's Prayer,' 'Ta-ra-ra Boom De Aye,' and 'Alice, Where Art Thou?' has also pleased a steam-whistle-lovin' public for a long time. There's somethin' always appealed to me in the last tune on the caly-ope—the idea of a steam organ yellin' 'Alice, where art thou?' in a voice that carries forty mile over the suroundin' territory always struck me as a pretty thought."

Thoughtfully the musical plumber soldered the vox humana stop.

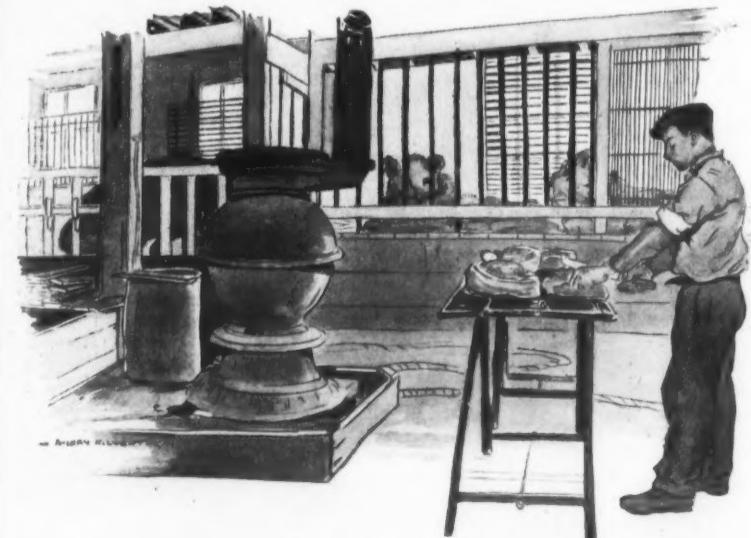
"Besides caly-opes," he went on, "them steamboat shows invented lots o' things which has since proved useful to the human race. I don't know whether they invented cussin', but they certainly did bring the art up to a rare state o' perfection. Y' see them was the days o' 'klem's, or standin' feuds. The tough young farmers along the show belt would start runnin' fights with the canvasmen—sometimes they'd foller the show for weeks, keepin' up the klem continuous. The 'troopers' usually managed to come out ahead, but keepin' in constant practice made the circus gang about as tough a bag o' nuts as ever fell off the hickory. Cussin' helped. The more they cussed the stronger they got, and the stronger they got the more they cussed."

"At last old Dan Rice, the greatest clown that ever wore chalk and one o' the finest old-time showmen, got to be proprietor of a steamboat show on the river. And he decided that a civilized, religious influence ought to be pumped into the show business. Cussin', he declared, would have to stop—no gradual swearin' off, but stop at once. So the inhabitants o' that boat took the antiprofanity oath and stuck to it for a month. Purity became the common language. But as summer wore on and the show got North, the boat was always strikin' snags and gittin' stuck in the mud. It was a right irritatin' job, gittin' that boat off. 'When y' feel like cussin', boys, pray,' Dan would tell 'em on them occasions. They prayed, and after a while the keel'd slip loose and they'd steam onto the next town. At last they got into awful shaller water. 'Bout two miles from one o' the best show towns on the river they ran prow-jam into one o' the worst sand bars o' the

year. 'Pray, boys, pray!' yells Dan in great anxiety. They got to work with poles, meanwhile holdin' a steady prayer meetin'. Polin' and prayin', polin' and prayin' for eight solid hours. Nothin' doin', positively nothin'. Finally Dan, seein' he was goin' to lose the big event o' the year, threw off his hat and says: 'Excuse me a minute!' With that he let out a cuss that ripped zigzag half across the State of Illinois. The whole circus force breathed one deep sigh, then loosened up a solid month of pent-up cuss. A new spirit o' life and freedom seemed to inspire that there steamboat. The lions began to roar down below, the engines began churnin' mud, and the first we knew that boat was ridin' triumphantly into port whistlin' 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.'"

MORE than the other circus properties, perhaps, the horse takes on the sere and yellow aspect of winter quarters. By spring he is a woolly specimen wearing a coat like a Persian lamb, and yellow spots adorn the erstwhile mirrored surface of his sides and flanks. To pick a show animal out of such a string is like picking a pearl out of a peck of oysters. Respectability sets in suddenly toward the end of February when Bill the Hostler approaches with a set of patent clippers. Such a hair cutting!

The canvas men call performers "twisters." The only "twisters" who appear in winter quarters are the equestrians who must come to the barns to use the horses. During the winter the "ring barn" is lively with white palfreys trotting in circles, hobbyhorse fashion, while their riders practice variations on the "flip-flap" and "back." Old Ostermoor, the broad iron gray whose comfortable back has served as a living mattress for a generation of daredevils, now trots sedately round the ring to the crack of the ringmaster's whip, lending his anatomy cheerfully to every professional neck breaker who happens to come along. To see a performer rehearsing is like seeing a cowboy in a derby hat. The women, wearing gymnasium suits and sweaters, stand in pretty but unspanned groups, gossiping like Vassar girls before basket-ball practice. The men affect running trunks, and their ankles are usually disfigured by a clumsy display of gray flannels. The equestrians practice on the end of a string, a stout cord running from a belt at the waist and attached to a swivel pulley somewhere in the ceiling. The management, being more or less responsible, demands this precaution. (This device is called a "lunge" in the ring slang.)



Supper time

**We Make Them for All
Kinds of Business. Prices \$20 to \$765**

All sorts of stores, factories, garages, dining cars, county and city offices, commissaries, public service offices, hotels, theatres and newspaper offices are included in the list. They are used in the largest stores and on the smallest corner stands.

They are used in the store farthest North and the store farthest South.

Certain kinds are made especially for department stores, railroads and banks. They give quick service and protection and do things no other machine sold can do.

Our office registers certify and classify accounts and records. They give the most positive checks for bookkeepers, auditors and managers. No other machines sold give so much information and protection with as little work and in so short a time.

We have spent 30 years in studying the needs of all businesses where money is handled and records kept. We make cash registers to fit every need and that is why we make over 300 styles and sizes.

Our registers safeguard all transactions occurring between employees and customers. They save time, work and worry and insure to proprietors all their profits.

They cost so little and do so much.

Write or call and have the kind of register suitable for your business explained to you. Investigation will cost you nothing.

**We have a representative
in your vicinity**

**The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio**

\$150
The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio

\$765
Nine Complete Cash Registers in One

\$20
Detail Adder

\$40
Drawer Operated Total Adder Prints Sales-Strip

\$100
Total Adder Prints Sales Strip

\$75
Total Adder Prints Sales-Strip

\$100
Drawer Operated Total Adder Prints Sales-Strip

\$50
Total Adder

\$35
Total Adder

\$125
Total Adder Prints Sales-Strip

\$100
Total Adder Autographic Attachment Drawer Operated

\$200
Total Adder Prints Sales-Strip Prints Sales-Slip

\$250
Total Adder Prints Sales-Strip Prints Receipt

\$380
Shows Four Separate Totals Prints Sales-Strip Prints Receipts, etc.

\$150
Total Adder Prints Sales-Strip or Prints Receipt

\$500
Four Complete Cash Registers in One



You Pay Cheerfully For Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

Not only cheerfully, but *eagerly*—in a glow of pride—warmed by the consciousness that your money has bought the *utmost* that the arts and graces of the tailor's technique can confer.

And—you pay *no more* for these merchant-tailored clothes—\$20 to \$45—than for “clothes pulled from the pile” or for local “tailor-mades” lacking the unfathomable air of *caste* and making you a mere “unit in the census.” Our guarantee on your suit signs its *life-warrant* for as long as you care to wear it.

Go to-day to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes*. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed. Free for a postcard—“The Drift of Fashion,” the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.



IF THE TRIAL BALANCE IS “OUT”

It worries no one but you—the bookkeeper. No matter whose mistake it is, it's up to you to stay and drudge, regardless of regular hours, until the books are straightened out. Don't do it—there is a better way. The

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relieves your mind of the wearing grind of mechanical thinking—gives you more time for doing the things that count, both for yourself and the firm. It handles all your figure work—addition, multiplication, division, subtraction. You simply push the keys—the machine does the rest, with sure accuracy. Try it—see how it works. Trial free—write us about it and get free copy of “Rapid Mechanical Calculation.”

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1724 N. Paulina St., CHICAGO, ILL.



A Circus in Cold Storage

(Continued from page 24)



This sort of work is done by the mile

Round and round the ring trotted the patient hobbyhorses—two of 'em this time. A family of Australians were practicing complicated figures requiring a degree of reckless precision. The circus ladies—separate and cheerful, models of physical culture—bounded nonchalantly on and off. The fat, white steeds trotted tandem fashion at a nicely calculated distance. On the shoulders of the forward horse sat a nut-brown maiden, around sixteen, I should guess, chirping “Charley! Charley!” while her brother, a serious-minded youth, turned reverse somersaults from the flanks of the horse in front to the flanks of the horse behind. The little maid, who can stand between a galloping horse's ears in the pose of Diana the Huntress, is a great favorite with the Roman mob of hostlers who surround the base burner.

“That there little gal could fall out of a balloon and land standing on the only horse in the State of Texas,” said Baboo ecstatically.

Andy the Clown dropped in for a visit with the management while all this was going on. He is a well-dressed, good-looking young Englishman, a splendid type of athlete, very careful of his haberdashery, which he wears without an h. Andy is versatile. He can train elephants, lecture, or under study a snake charmer. He showed me some very creditable pencil sketches of the menagerie. Like Arnold Bennett, he does not think the Americans have a high art standard.

“Rather a mess of jolly blighters in the clownin’ business over ‘ere, I call it,” he said. “Slapsticks and leather balls that fly up and ‘t em in the eye. That’s not clownin’. ‘Orseplay, I call it!”

Andy is rated as an “august” among clowns. What is an “august”? A clown who burlesques clowns. Marceline is the best example of the class in this country. Europe has many augusts so popular they never move from their native theatres. Italian and French clowns excel at pantomime, English at comedy. So much for the saddening profession.

“They’re a jealous lot, these clowns,” said Andy. “Next to opera singers, nothing’s more jealous. And tricky—rather! I saw a couple o’ clowns get jealous of a chap who did a big-shoe act like Harry La Pearl. This chap ad to make a quick change into ‘is shoes. One performance he rushed into ‘is dressin’ room, jumped into ‘is gunboats, buttoned ‘em on—what ho! Started to rush back—found ‘imself rooted to the ground—cause why? ‘Cause those jealous rotters ad nailed ‘is shoes to the boards, that’s why!”

I ASKED Andy the oldest joke in the profession. Being a reformed humorist myself, this question might come under the head of talking shop.

“My grandfather, also a clown, ad a book of clown jokes,” said Andy. “E ad on the list one called ‘The Joke that Killed Noah’s Elephant’—maybe it’s still running in this country. The Clown says: ‘What’s three times three?’ ‘Nine,’ says the Ringmaster. ‘You’re a liar!’ says the Clown, ‘it’s ten.’ Which was considered a great joke in them days. There’s

another antique which runs rather close. A clown steals a performer’s paper ‘oop and makes a face in it by sticking ‘is finger through. ‘There’s the eyes, there’s the nose, there’s the mouth—and there’s the man in the moon,’ says the clown. Great applause from the children.

“What d’ye call ‘em ‘ere? Bromides! There’s a lot o’ clown bromides still goin’ the rounds. The ones I call the Invincible Three are the box labeled ‘Dynamite,’ which the clown falls over, the slapstick and the big leather ball that flies back on a rubber string and ‘its the clown in the face. King Solomon’s jester was killed for usin’ those props.”

I VENTURED some compliments on the abstemious lives required in the profession of acrobatics. A scar-faced Irishman they call Salaratus heard me and laughed a dry cackle. He was a tight-rope performer on the sick list.

“Spakin’ av total abstinence,” said Salaratus, “I was acquainted wit’ a Japanee slack-wire performer bearin’ the modest name av Prince Uremoto. We called ‘im Soupy for short. He was th’ high-ball king, a marvel av equipoise and a gran’

little man whin’ dhruke. His act was dang’rous, vergin’ on the soocidial. It consisted o’ walkin’ up a ninety-foot slack balancin’ a table, a soup tureen, and a lighted lamp on his forehead whilst wavin’ flags av all nations in his two hands. Did Soupy lead an abstemious life? He did that! He abstained from dhrinkin’ a gallon av whisky a day, be great self-restraint limitin’ himself to three quarts ‘n a half. At th’ ind av his act he’d sloide down that ninety-foot wire, deftly balancin’ a flat full o’ furniture all o’ver himself.

In th’ air he was a bird, but th’ minute he struck dhry land his condition was shockin’. He’d wobble like a newborn gy-raffe, hang onto a tent pole, stumble over a performin’ pig, and they’d have to lead him to his dressin’ room to save him from disgrace. Thim Japs are a wonderful little race o’ warriors.”

“There was a Dutch twister named Schnitzel,” said Baboo, “who got his gift of equipoise off’n Jamaica rum. Used to do th’ ‘flyin’ traps,’ a lofty trapeze act that has caused more widows than aerial navigation. Never drew a sober breath or had an accident for twelve years till one day he fell off and was picked up an endless chain o’ fractures. ‘It was my fault—O why did I do it?’ he kep’ moanin’ to the croaker at th’ hospitil. ‘What’s th’ matter—was yez too drunk?’ asks the kind-faced physician. ‘Naw—I was too sober!’ says Schnitzel, turnin’ his face to th’ wall.”

The cages stand comfortably close together in the loft where the “cat animals” are kept. Mr. Patterson, the keeper, says: “Walk well in the middle of the aisle!” a warning which cows you considerably. But when, a moment later, you see a colored roustabout passing in and out, brushing the sawdust from the sleeping lions, you breathe easier.

Buster, the Numidian lion, reached playfully from his cage and felt the fur



and the firm. It handles all your figure work—addition, multiplication, division, subtraction. You simply push the keys—the machine does the rest, with sure accuracy. Try it—see how it works. Trial free—write us about it and get free copy of “Rapid Mechanical Calculation.”

NOTE — We have been asked repeatedly as to the identity of the "original" of our "Happy" illustration. He is Mr. George H. Robertson, ex-racing speed maniac with the Loco and Simplex racing cars, winner of Vanderbilt cup races, etc., but now proprietor of The Auto Supply Co., 59th & Broadway, New York. He is nationally known as "Smiling George."



Why Not Try Them?

Inasmuch as you have no *positive proof* that United States Tires are not stronger and more durable than the kind you are using, *why not try them?*

You might make an interesting—and profitable—discovery respecting the amount of mileage service it is possible to build into motor tires when made by a rigid *four-factory-test* method.

The experiment (if such you care to call it) would at least be made with tires that have a country-wide reputation for excellence. (United States Tires are without question the *most-used* tires in America.)

You would scarcely call the purchase of a Chickering piano an "experiment" or a "gamble," would you?—especially if you could buy it at the same price asked for ordinary pianos!

No more would you "run a risk" if you should try one or two United States Tires—

For United States Tires are made as no other tires in the world are made. They are the product of the most scientific tire knowledge, the greatest tire skill, and the combined tire experience of four immense factory organizations, each of which formerly produced a tire that was recognized a leader in the tire field.

Today these same organizations, working with the most modern tire machinery known to the industry, are operating as a unit to produce a grade of tires that actually combines every element of

strength and every secret of manufacture known to the experts of these four organizations.

So, in buying one or two of these tires as a "trial," you are in reality giving these four organizations, *working as a unit*, an opportunity to show you why tires made as only United States Tires are made are entitled to sell as only United States Tires sell.

Keep this in mind: The first cost is the same as tho you continued to use tires made in the ordinary way. You are not asked to "take a chance"—not even in the matter of price.

Perhaps your tire experience has been satisfactory—or passably so. We hope it has been. But it may be that tires made as United States Tires are made—by *co-operative skill*—would prove even more satisfactory.

Possibly far more satisfactory.

The possibility is certainly worth considering—especially so when several thousand motorists who are today using these tires exclusively, were in all probability at one time or another "on the fence" as to whether they would give them so much as a trial.

Making good is by odds the best method of making friends.

We repeat, that you might make a highly profitable discovery by the use of one or more United States Tires.

Why not try them?

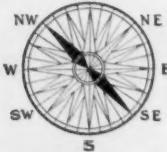
United States Tires

Cost no more than other kinds

Made in Clincher, Dunlop (straight side) and Quick Detachable styles, and in SIX types of tread

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Your Father Could Have Become Wealthy

If he had invested a generation ago in choice building lots in such cities as Denver, Omaha, Kansas City or Oklahoma City. A few dollars would have earned almost incredible profits.

You have an opportunity equal to the one he missed.

The Pacific Northwest must have cities. Its vast agricultural, timber and mining wealth insures the money investment necessary to build these cities.

We have searched the whole Northwest to find the "birthright towns" which in a few years will become great. We have studied the question for years—we are expert in judging Northwestern land values.

In co-operation with the great railroad builders we have selected seventeen young cities, small today, but so favorably located that they must soon become great. We rejected over three hundred towns in finding these seventeen "preferred risk" young cities.

We offer at attractive prices five lots, one in each of five young cities. Easy payments—no interest—we pay all taxes. By investing in five towns you divide the risk and multiply the profit by five.

Write now and let us prove that this is one of the safest, sanest, most profitable investments open to the man of moderate means.

High grade men are making comfortable incomes as our representatives in their districts. We may have an opening for you.

Northwest Townsite Company
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Get Expert Advice

The investment of your savings should be made with full information and on the best advice that you can command.

Do you know the difference between stocks and bonds?

Do you know what constitutes a safe bond?

Do you know that bonds are favored by law as investment for banks, insurance companies and trust funds?

We invite investors and prospective investors to correspond with us. Our information bureau will gladly give accurate and responsible bond information.

We have for sale at all times a large assortment of sound bonds that we have first investigated clear down to bed rock and have then purchased outright.

Banks all over the country buy our bonds. Inquire of us if your bank and write for our circular 545.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS,
Investment Bonds
Founded 1876
Boston New York Chicago Denver
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Motorists Need this Kit

A tool for every motor need—16 of them—no duplicates or useless tools. Wraps up in compact form—not bulky nor heavy.

BONNER Auto Kits

Are the latest and best word in motoring requisites. Finished in Bonner's Special Auto Finish. Each tool of special steel and guaranteed. This kit is a trouble saver. Insist on Bonner's. If your hardware store cannot supply you, send dealer's name.

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Makers of Bonner "Vidors" Chain Wrench, Pry Bar and other special purpose tools.

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For 25 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of \$200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 734. 895 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence Kans.

A Circus

(Concluded from page 28)

collar of my overcoat. I shifted my position.

I ask Mr. Patterson if he has any snappy anecdotes of adventure.

"A peevish black leopard got loose under the menagerie top when I was with Sells Brothers," said Charley Hutchinson. "Uncle Lou Sells was of Scottish extraction, and he hated to see valuable property damaged. He rushed into the tent and observed the leopard fighting eight canvasmen to a finish. 'Don't be rough—don't damage him!' he warned. Just then the sable devil turned upon Uncle Lou with a hideous snarl. 'Shoot him—kill him!' howled the showman, leaping to the top of the monkey's cage with an agility that would have insured his fortune on the flying trapeze.

"Uncle Lou was sure some Scotch," agreed Patterson. "Back in the eighties there were two gorillas in captivity. Sells Brothers had one and Barnum the other. Both got sick. I went over to Barnum's to see what they were doing for theirs and came back with a remedy.

"'Uncle,' I said, 'that monk's dying of malnutrition. They've got an expensive specialist over to Barnum's, and he's pulling their ape through, but it costs a heap of money.'

"Uncle Lou looked very canny. 'What's the Barnum crowd doing for their monk?' he asked.

"They're giving him natural nourishment," says I. "Costs ninety-five dollars a week to feed him—port wine, hothouse grapes, imported plantain leaves, guava jelly, mare's milk. He gets a massage and throat spray every afternoon and sleeps under a silk quilt."

"Natural nourishment!" grunted Uncle Lou. "Go ahead—I won't see that Barnum crowd beat me out. But I'd like to know where in the jungle a monkey gets that sort of natural nourishment."

WINTER darkness settles over winter quarters. The skilled employees of the place—250—count 'em—250—are filing away from the dining room to their bunk houses. A heartening flavor of Irish stew is on the air. Out in the maze of tangled tracks, round which the quarters stand, the serried rows of circus cars seem to cut the growing darkness with their agonized yellow and blatant crimson.

A colony of show wagons blanketed in canvas, labeled "Wild Animals—Keep Away," stand clamishly apart.

The two hyenas, Violet and Fagin, are the first to scent the approach of night. Pad-pad-pad go their sneaking feet over the boards of their prison. Doubtless they are dreaming of long, luxurious skulks under a desert moon. Suddenly: "Ha-ha-ha-r-r-ow!"

The sound that frightens lonesome travelers!

It raised a shiver in one I know of.

"The hyenas!" said Charley Hutchinson. "They always start the concert promptly at seven-thirty—listen!"

A puma adds her bitter wail to the song. Some species of hog down on the ground floor squeaks like a rusty hinge; Buster the lion lends his deep basso; a mountain goat, whose features strikingly caricature some human face I have seen, bleats dolefully—even in the elephant house, half a block away, a bull trumps loud and clear.

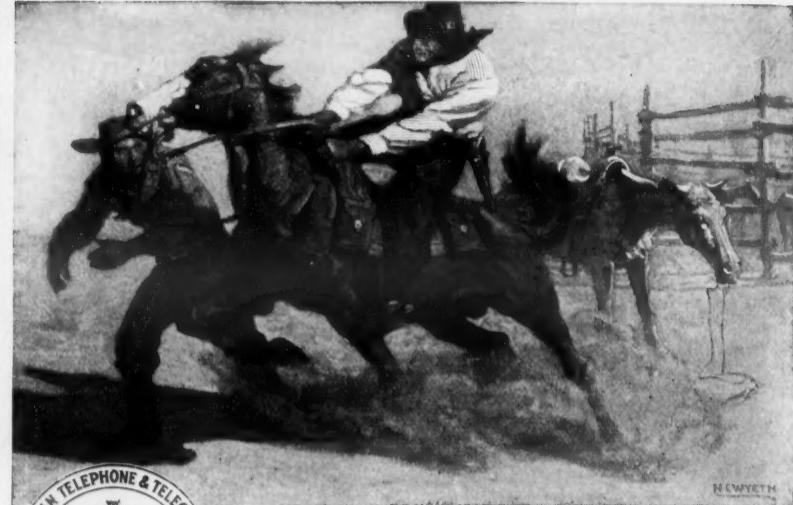
"It's the night song," said Charley Hutchinson. "They keep it up every night till half-past eleven, when Buster, the big lion, suddenly goes 'W-oo-f!' in a tremendous voice, as if to say 'Cut it out!' And the quarter is still as death till morning."

THE zoo symphony suddenly died to a *diminuendo*, and I heard a queer jungle voice say "Quonk!" in a tone of stentorian mirth.

"That's Babes, the hippo, laughing. Dear old soul—she's got the sense of fun! For a couple o' seasons we had a freak show under the menagerie top—freaks performing on a platform in the middle, cages lined up against the side walls. The freak performance always ended up with a sword-swallowing stunt. An Arab would swallow a bayonet, then balance a gun on his forehead and shoot it off with his teeth. Babes would watch the performance without saying a word, but the minute the gun went off she'd say 'Quonk!' once, as if she was giving the whole show the merry ha-ha. Babes seldom lets a bright thing get by her."

We turned away toward the Market Street trolley.

"Come again, boys," said Charley Hutchinson. "Drop in some day when things aren't so quiet."



The Pony Express

A Pioneer of the Bell System

FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

Pony riders carried messages from Missouri to California, nearly two thousand miles across mountains and deserts, through blizzards and sand storms, constantly in danger of attack by hostile Indians.

Fresh horses were supplied at short intervals, and the messages, relayed from rider to rider, were delivered in the record-breaking time of seven and one-half days.

Railroad and telegraph took

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

the place of the Pony Express, carrying messages across this western territory. Today the telephone lines of the Bell System have done more, for they have bound together ranch and mine and camp and village.

This network of telephone lines, following the trails of the Indians, connects with the telegraph to carry messages throughout the world.

By means of Universal Bell Service the most remote settler is no longer isolated, but has become a constantly informed citizen of the American Commonwealth.

Conservative 6% Investment Secured by Chicago Downtown Property

WE OWN and offer First Mortgage Bonds, in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000, secured by a twelve-story, steel-frame, fireproof office building of the highest type and construction being erected in the financial district of Chicago, directly opposite the Board of Trade, and the leasehold estate for 117 years.

The total issue is \$550,000. A conservative value of the security is \$1,200,000, more than double the amount of the bond issue. The bonds are the direct obligation of a corporation of large capital and in addition are unconditionally guaranteed, both as to principal and interest, by a man of large means and the owner of many excellent downtown properties. The bonds mature serially from two to fifteen years, so that the margin of security annually increases.

The net income from the building, at a most conservative estimate, is more than three times the greatest annual interest charge, providing a large surplus annually for the serial retirement of the bonds.

S. W. Straus & Co. was organized in 1882. Since that time we have gained an experience of inestimable value to our clients. In these 30 years no client of ours has ever lost a single dollar of interest or principal on any security purchased of us.

It is, and always has been, our custom to repurchase, when requested, securities bought from us, at par and accrued interest, less a handling charge of one per cent.

We recommend the purchase of these bonds.

Ask for descriptive circular No. 2394

S. W. STRAUS & CO.
INCORPORATED
MORTGAGE AND BOND BANKERS
ESTABLISHED 1882
STRAUS BUILDING,
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GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

Made in the Largest Plant in the World devoted to manufacturing marine gasoline engines. Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalogues and show you all about these high grade motors and how they are made. Gray Motor Co., 454 U. S. Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Only \$25 for knock down frame with full sized patterns to finish this 23 foot motor boat. Speed 9½ to 11 miles an hour. You can easily build it yourself saving ½ boat builder's price. We send complete instructions. Write for 12-page Boat Book fully illustrated. Address BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO., 6604 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Michigan.

Brickbats and Bouquets

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the Jeff Davis of American journalism.
—Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has taken a stand for Jeff Davis, and is boosting the Senator with all its corrupt and subsidized power.
—Searcy (Ark.) *White County Citizen*.

A contemporary refers to COLLIER'S WEEKLY as the "Jeff Davis of American journalism." We have been aware for some time that the standpat papers and patent-medicine men would like to see COLLIER's hanged to a sour apple tree.

—Stockton (Cal.) *Record*.

It is an entertaining magazine, in many features, but as a political prophet COLLIER's has a batting average of .023.
—Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*.

COLLIER's doesn't like Clark's Canadian annexation bunk nor his grand-stand attitude on the question of pensions. COLLIER's has about the right estimate of the Missourian, who isn't a very extraordinary politician, and who is a very ordinary statesman.

—Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette*.

Clark, even if he be a compromise, is a much better American institution any day in the week than COLLIER's, which seeks to belittle him in order to make its Liliputian pet, Professor Wilson, appear the larger in the estimation of the American people.

—Springfield (Mo.) *Republican*.

Mark Sullivan, whose work in COLLIER'S WEEKLY has probably done more to concentrate public attention on the desirability of Presidential primaries than any other one journalist's, is of the opinion that a June primary is more satisfactory than a primary at any other time.

—Detroit (Mich.) *Saturday Night*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is now going after the scalp of Secretary Jeems Wilson of the Department of Agriculture. And it might be well to remark right here that if Tama Jim expects to resign any time before March, 1913, this would be a splendid opportunity. When COLLIER's starts after a Cabinet officer it usually makes things interesting.

—Montgomery (Ala.) *Journal*.

"Tama Jim" Wilson, one of the most honest, conscientious, capable, and efficient Cabinet members of any Administration in this country's history, must now face a campaign of slander and personal vilification at the hands of COLLIER's magazine, a Democratic publication with a tremendous circulation and influence, which will stoop to any kind of abuse to effect the political destruction of a regular Republican in public life.

—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY administers a fitting rebuke to a wealthy advertiser who attempted to dictate its editorial utterances and announces that "Our editorial policies are not to be determined by threats addressed to the advertising department. That has the right ring; and even the advertiser himself, if he has a vestige of good citizenship, will respect the editor. With half the world gone money mad, it is encouraging now and then to find a publisher who hasn't the almighty dollar so close to his eye that it blinds him to all else.—Lowell (Mich.) *Ledger*.

COLLIER'S has become one of the most sensational periodicals of the day. Its illustrations are fearful enough to give the reader the nightmare, while the text is even worse. The old-fashioned dime novel of antebellum time is fairly outclassed.

—Elgin (Ill.) *Courier*.

Abbott-Detroit

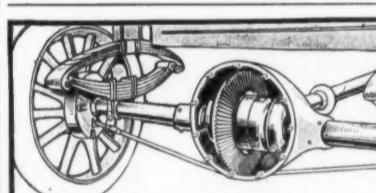
There are two ways in which a motor car can be made. One to build a chassis and power plant according to the ideas of an engineer and equip it with a body which will fit such a chassis. The other is to determine what kind of a body will be satisfactory to the customer and then build the chassis and power plant to suit it. The former method is the one generally used, probably because automobiles were first made in this way. Abbott-Detroit, however, are made after the latter method because we believe that we should give the customer what he wants and not make the customer take what we think he ought to have. The general trend of automobile manufacture this year has shown that we are right. Public opinion after all solves such problems. In Abbott-Detroit Motor Cars everything has been made subservient to the owner's comfort and safety. Their modern design, roominess, general formation and luxurious upholstering shows it. The long flexible springs, the location of the axles, the distribution of the weight, the angle of the steering wheel, the location of the dash, are all the results of a design for which our owners are responsible. That our efforts along this line have not been in vain, is evidenced by the fact that many Abbott-Detroit owners have bought cars year after year. Their choice has always been the Abbott-Detroit. One man in particular says "I have already owned seven cars, four of them have been Abbott-Detroit—no one will ever sell me any other make again."

Remember, all Abbott-Motor Cars are "guaranteed for life."

Some Important Abbott-Detroit Features

- High duty forgings, double heat treated.
- Chrome nickel steel construction in transmission.
- Multiple disc clutch.
- Cellular type radiator.
- Full floating type rear axle.
- Nickel steel construction throughout with Timken or Schaefer Annular bearings.
- Large strong artillery wheels.
- Large diameter tires, demountable rims.
- Latest design ventilated fore-door bodies.
- Combination oil and electric side and tail lamps.
- Electric head lights, lighting battery, full set of tools.
- Roadsters, Touring Cars, Coupes, Limousines—prices ranging from \$1275 to \$3000—Dynamo equipment for electric lighting, \$90.00. Hanna self-starter with gas tank, \$50.00.

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is unknown to the woman using BISSELL'S "Cyco" BALL-BEARING Sweeper, world renowned for its light running and thoroughness. In every country on the globe where carpets and rugs are used, the Bissell Sweeper is sold, and everywhere recognized as the best and most efficient carpet sweeper made.

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As It's a Mere Matter of Time Until You Buy a Warner

**don't make costly experiments in the meantime
with low-grade speed indicators**

So if you are not quite ready to invest in the Quality Warner (for it is an *investment*—and not a *chance*) spare yourself the vexation, and your pocketbook the extravagance, of experimenting with a low-grade instrument.

For certainly you can buy a speed indicator for one-third the price of the Warner. But let us see if such a course is not most extremely penny-wise-and-pound-foolish.

You can get a variable service from a low-grade instrument for a certain time, but you are taking a constant chance on the inferior indicator's veracity, or even worse—its total breakdown.

Then you will have learned the same lesson as thousands of other motorists who have thought it possible to save money by purchasing "A" speed indicator at a low price instead of THE one, old-time, standard Warner Auto-Meter, at

the price that should be paid for its high quality.

Why not buy the *quality* instrument *now* and feel *satisfied*—nay, *proud*—every moment of its splendid service during the many years to come, instead of courting vexation by trying two, three or more low-grade, low-priced indicators which actually aggregate a greater purchase sum than the Quality Warner.

Warner experiments were finished years ago.

The purchaser of a Warner is spared any experimenting. That *we* completed some years ago. You will buy a *certainty* in the Warner—the absolutely *accurate* instrument—the one whose reliability and years of service

have been *proven* and are *being proven* on 90% of all indicator-equipped cars costing \$2,000 and over, as well as upon a countless number costing less,

It is not yet known how long a Warner will last.

We know that those we made seven and a half years ago, in the early days of manufacture, are still giving perfect service. But there is no telling whether these same instruments will last ten or twenty years more before overhauling.

This pioneer instrument per- fected all these features first:

The *first* and only *successful* magnetic indicator. First to develop an adequate odometer—100,000 miles per season and 1,000 per trip. First successful Touring Trip Reset, making it possible to set the trip mileage to agree with route book at any point. First to invent unbreakable driving shaft. First to use swivel-bearing with spiral and bevel gear drive, thus avoiding kinks in shaft. First to establish branch houses in leading automobile centers.

Why auto manufacturers are equipping with the Warner.

The automobile manufacturer realizes that the *best* equipment on his cars means not only the most present, but *future* business as well. This is why the Quality Warner will be found listed in the equipment of so many more cars for 1912-13.

The offer of a free, low-grade speed indicator is no longer an inducement to buy a car. There are few dealers today who encourage the use of a low-grade instrument. You will save money and vexation by purchasing a Quality Warner yourself.

The Jeweled Auto-Meter Built With Even More Care Than a Watch

This is necessary, as more is expected of a Warner than a watch. It must actually *do* more than a watch. It must be more sensitive and yet be able to stand hour after hour and year after year of jolting vibration.

Every Warner is a jeweled instrument. Each is tested time and time again before it goes to grace the dash of your car—to be the most looked-at as well as the most *responsible* part of your car. Therefore, we can make the guarantee and feel safe in making it, for the Warner is trouble-proof.

Dial Illumination

Two tiny electric lights underneath bezel, which concentrate rays on clock face and upon speed and distance figures; no light escaping to blind the eyes.

Speed Indicating Scale

Circular aluminum dial mounted on standard ship-chronometer pivot. Hairspring returns disc to zero when speed stops. Total weight 106 grains. Figures can be plainly read by the average eye 10 feet away.

Bezel

Made of heavy seamless brass tubing, accurately machined. Spun around thick French plate glass, which cannot become loose and rattling. Absolutely dust-proof, water-proof and oil-proof. These are, of course, exclusive Warner features.

Total Distance Indicator

Odometer registers to 100,000 miles before it automatically resets. The season odometer runs independently of trip odometer.

Trip Indicator

Trip odometer registers to 1,000 miles and automatically resets to zero. Another reset turns up any desired mileage on trip odometer, thus you may pick up and follow a route book, beginning at any point and have trip mileage absolutely agree with route book.

Warner Unbreakable Flexible Shaft

Driving shaft troubles and annoyances entirely wiped out by this new unbreakable casing. Made from high-carbon spring steel wire of great tensile strength. Heavy outer wire coiled over smaller inner wire into perfect oil-tight flexible casing; highest grade of vanadium steel used for inside driving chain. Heavily plated with either brass or nickel.

Warner Instrument Co.

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Canadian Branch, 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

The Warner can be secured through reputable automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States.

WARNER AUTO-METER

NOTE TO DEALERS: When suggesting a speed indicator always recommend the Quality Warner *first*. Then if you finally have to sell something inferior because of price, your customer can't blame you for his dissatisfaction—he refused the Warner against your judgment.

(178)

POMPEIIAN BRONZETM Permanent Screen Cloth



U.S. Pat. Off.

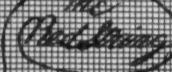
Stop The Yearly Screen Painting Nuisance

"POMPEIIAN BRONZE," woven from fine bronze wire, is practically indestructible—never requires painting or renewing. It is a permanent investment and the most effective defense against flies and insects.

Because of its resistance to salt air and climatic influences "POMPEIIAN BRONZE" is the best screen cloth for cottages at the seashore, for city and suburban homes. Use it for anything you want to screen, and the initial cost, a little more than that of ordinary kinds, is the last cost.

Buy only "POMPEIIAN BRONZE," always identified by the removable red string in the selvage. If your regular dealer cannot supply it, write us direct. Send for booklet.

CLINTON WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
Original Power Loom Manufacturers of Wire Cloth
65 Sterling Street, Clinton, Mass.



The Red String is the Screen-Cloth Buyer's Guide

Common roller towel worse than common drinking cup

Dr. Charles Fulton, of Washington, D. C., Secretary of the International Hygienic Congress, says: "The common roller towel, even more than the common drinking cup, is a carrier of disease. Tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever and, in fact, practically every known contagious disease may be carried on the roller towel." Isn't it time then that this demon was being trampled to earth?

ScotTissue
Towels
"Use like a Blotter"

are very much cleaner and safer than roller towels. There is no chance for the spread of infection where they are used, for everyone has a clean, fresh towel for every wash and throws the used one away each time. Such cities as Chicago, Cleveland and St. Paul have tabooed the roller towel. Your city can do the same if you help. "ScotTissue" Towels are packed in a dust-proof carton, **150 towels in a roll, 35c.** (West of the Mississippi and Canada, 50c.) Fixtures, 25c to \$1.00.

Scott Paper Company
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Makers of "Sani-Tissue," "Sno-Tissue" and 5c "Waldorf" Toilet Papers, "Sani-Kombi" and other hygienic paper specialties.

The Terrible Meek

(Concluded from page 21)

more sophisticated stage through the imagination of some great poet or teacher.

The Little Theatre, however, is not a primitive place, and Mr. Kennedy is not a great poet or teacher. And if the matinée audience was silent, it was not because it was spellbound by Mr. Kennedy's genius, but because it felt that these were terrible realities to vivify work so comparatively commonplace—with which to pass a piquant half hour between "The Flower of the Palace of Han" and, perhaps, tea at the Plaza.

The cockney accent of the soldier, the attempt to suggest the mother's peasant birth by such colloquialisms as "yuh" for "you," "in them days," introduced—as soon as the spectator's mind was gripped by the greater story—a connotation excessively jarring. Nothing was said which has not been better said many times before. The soldiers and their talk were good, and the author would have shown better taste had he stuck to them and his allegory, and left a little something to the imagination of his audience.

The lines were intrusted to Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. Sydney Valentine, and Mr. Reginald Barlowe. The men were excellent, and, of course, Miss Matthison read her lines with beauty and power, although she is not at her best at such characterization as the part demanded.

"The Flower of the Palace of Han," which preceded Mr. Kennedy's play, has a history too long to set forth here. Its original was a Chinese play said to have been written between 1260 and 1368. A French adaptation recently used in Paris was the immediate source of this. Several novel stage pictures are revealed; there is interesting incidental music, and rich and beautiful Chinese costumes. The whole thing has much the same interest

as that possessed by rare rugs or porcelain, and just about as much dramatic value. Miss Matthison and Mr. Frank Reicher took the principal parts, assisted by Mr. Barlowe and Mr. Walter Howe.

Mme. Simone Tries Maeterlinck

MME. SIMONE has become almost as interesting for her plucky fight to conquer the American audience as for her skill as an artist. First the machinelike Bernstein pieces, then the more genuine but scarcely popular "Return from Jerusalem," then a translation of Rostand's poetic drama, "La Princesse Lointaine," and now a trial of that stage perennial, "Frou Frou," in the lighter parts of which, by the way, she is especially charming.

Artist that she is, it must be confessed that Mme. Simone was about at her worst as Mélisande. The part is essentially a "stained-glass" one, and Mme. Simone is essentially not a stained-glass actress. She is keen, crisp, self-conscious, modern. One can imagine the Divine Sarah putting back her head, closing those darkened eyes of hers to coruscating slits of purple and fire, and pouring out the golden lines in a way to take the helpless spectator back to the age of chivalry or anywhere else. Mme. Simone scarcely got away from a drawing-room manner. And as this story of the troubadour prince who sailed away to the East to find his beautiful princess, and found her only to die, is at least a thousand years away from the drawing-room of to-day, Mme. Simone did not, therefore, get very near to Rostand's poetry. The inevitable inadequacy of any translation was a further difficulty, and except to satisfy a certain curiosity—this is said to be the first production of the play in English—the general result was pretty tame.

Mr. Durgan and the New Cookery

(Continued from page 20)

explaining to them that a cow was made up of different cuts and that he could not throw away the parts they refused to buy. She said her husband was trying to sell out to a man he did not like; he could not wish him worse luck than to deal with the kind of customers we had become.

AND as to Mrs. Shorting's cooking lessons—I must say she knew her subject. She was especially strong on condiments and sauces, but especially opposed to hot bread. I should think a strong tabasco flavor or a hot East Indian curry would be no better for the stomach than hot bread, but perhaps inconsistency has now become scientific and hygienic. At any rate, the ladies followed Mrs. Shorting's lead like sheep, and the grocer had to keep sending for all sorts of exotic spices we and he had never heard of. His stock became so enlarged that he had to move the partition at the back of his shop to give himself more room, and three new traveling men for wholesale groceries came down to solicit orders. Mrs. Shorting seemed surprised at our ignorance now and then. One day she had been talking of flavoring something with pine seeds. We let her go on for a time, and then some one said, timidly:

"Mrs. Shorting, I reckon I don't just know what pine seeds are, and I am sure the grocer hasn't any."

"Pine seeds," said Mrs. Shorting, her chest expanding and her voice rising like a tragedy queen's, "not know pine seeds! Anyone who does not know and cannot use pine seeds has not even rudimentary ideas of cooking!"

A bit superior—just a little bit superior—was Mrs. Shorting. I think now that those pine seeds were the beginning of the end. For from that day on she bore harder and harder on the hot bread.

She said that you could not compromise about hot bread. You simply had to eliminate it from your bill of fare. She pictured to the ladies what they would gain in beauty and health if they gave it up, and how their husbands would improve in physique and temper.

I RECKON they all intended to begin slowly with their men, but maybe Mrs. Shorting had imbued them with Northern ideas of speed. At any rate, within a month after their reform, I don't suppose there were three happy households in our community. The men were sulky or savage according to their moods; they did not know what was the matter with them exactly, only they acted like they wished they were dead or bachelors. Nannie and I knew what was wrong, of course, and I pointed it out to Mr. Durgan. He

seemed right disappointed in the way they were taking the indigestion cure, but said it was only a question of time when they would feel hearty and good-natured again, and that the crops would look up, and the South would flourish. Poor Nannie quarreled with Micajah because he tried to defend Mrs. Shorting's ideas, and she wouldn't speak to him; and, while she was unhappy, it was right much comfort to her that he went around looking wretched, although he kept on going to Charlottesville to see Mrs. Shorting.

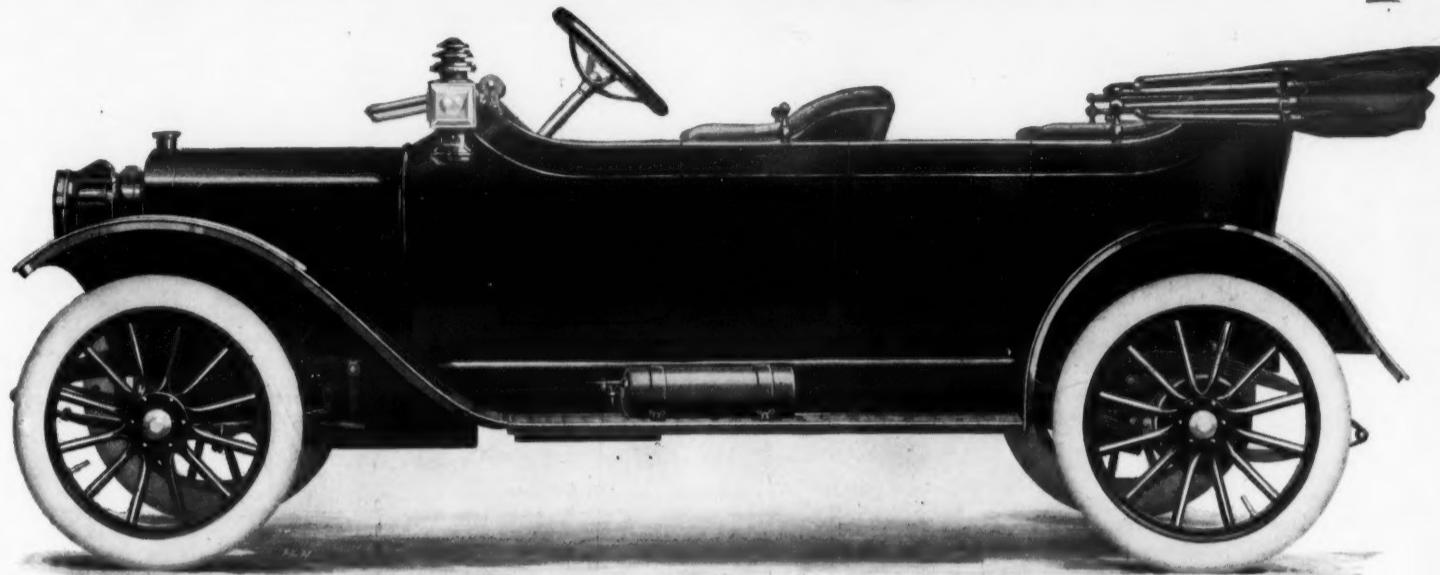
Nannie went on feeding scientific food to her father, and the more the Major ate the crosser he got and the more violent in his attitude toward Micajah, who now, in his desire to make up with Nannie, had taken to driving up and down the chicken road between the Major's place and his. The Major had heard some of Micajah's digestion theories, and he pretended to think that Micajah was insane. One day when Mr. Durgan and I were there, not knowing Mr. Durgan was responsible for the general misery of the community, the Major said bitterly that a man with Micajah Carter's wild ideas would either wind up at the back door of a restaurant or in a lunatic asylum. Poor Nannie had to listen to it all, and what with being indignant at Micajah and her father both, she had no time for serenity whatever.

FINALLY everything seemed to come to a head at once, and the second course of hygienic lectures which Mrs. Shorting had proposed for herself and us never materialized. It was the day of her weekly lecture, and I had seen Mr. Durgan take her off in his car and had assumed, of course, that he had returned from Charlottesville long ago. To confess the truth, I was expecting him, for while I had been slow to make up my mind about accepting him, somehow a summer evening never seems complete without him. I sit on my porch and hear the sleepy birds and watch the shadows under the trees, but the beauty of it all is suspended until that great figure looms up at the gate, and that deep voice says: "Sallie Rives, Sallie Rives that is to be mine, are you there?"

It is presumptuous for him to take so much for granted, but it is very pleasing to have a big man in love with one. So I was waiting for him, and from up the road I heard the sound of his motor car. I knew it was his, for no one else about here has one. I rather wondered at his driving down, for, as a rule, he walks, as he says it is more homelike when he is coming to me.

The car came whirring on with never

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" BI CI



Model S S—5-passenger touring car—110-inch wheelbase

\$950
F. O. B. Detroit

Equipped with a self-starter, 32x3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit, long-stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

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\$900 F. O. B. Detroit

Wheelbase of roadsters 86 inches—other specifications same as touring car.

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Completely equipped with top, side-curtains, windshield, lamps, generator, horn, tools and kit, but do not have the self-starter or other special equipment mentioned of the S S models.

5-Passenger Touring Car	\$850
Touring Roadster	800
Roadster	700
(Equipped for 4 passengers)	750

CANADIAN PRICES

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S S Models	
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Touring Roadster	1125
Roadster	975
Roadster—4-passenger	1050
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Touring Car	\$1050
Touring Roadster	1000
Roadster	850
Roadster—4-passenger	925

Arrange for an early demonstration from your nearest R-C-H dealer.

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

It's just a short time ago that we were impressing on the motor-car buyer the merits of the R-C-H. Today, so tremendous has been the country-wide appreciation of the wonderful R-C-H value, that we are forced to come to you with another message: "Speak quickly if you want one."

No other car in the history of the industry has ever approached the record made by the R-C-H. A few short months ago the R-C-H embodied a personality, a factory and a car-name. Today we have cash deposits on thousands more cars than were ever sold by any other organization during its first year. And every day dealers are writing, wiring, telephoning—imploring us to increase their allotments.

Frankly, we underestimated the wide-a-wakeness of the average buyer. Of course we realized that a car with R-C-H construction and equipment would be a big seller at the R-C-H price. But where we figured in thousands, we find a demand for tens of thousands.

Many of our friends—more's the pity—will be disappointed. And so we want to impress upon you again the necessity for prompt action. Get in touch with your nearest R-C-H branch or dealer at once. For if you can't get an R-C-H, and want a car as good, you'll pay a thousand dollars more.

A Car That is Cheap Only in Price

That's the one fact we want to impress upon you. And we ask nothing more than your own judgment after you've seen the R-C-H for yourself—after you've made your own comparisons with other cars at double the price.

It's hardly necessary now for us to go into construction and equipment details—the R-C-H has been the sensation of half a dozen shows and the country is ringing with its merit.

But there are a few facts that will bear emphasis, even now.

The First Real Long-Stroke Motor

Some American designers have tried to achieve the much-desired long-stroke effect of the best European engines by lengthening the stroke and widening the bore in proportion. That is about the same in principle as trying to make a thin man by doubling the height and width of a short, stout one.

The R-C-H has the first adaption in this country of the long-stroke idea so successful abroad. A study of the best European models and thorough engineering tests determined its dimensions (3½ x 5). Of course, with the public demand for this type of motor, the selling arguments of some manufacturers will eventually resolve themselves into: "My motor is longer-stroke than any other." But it is well to remember that it is readily possible to overshoot the mark; and that the bore-stroke

ratio of the R-C-H motor has been proven to produce the maximum of power efficiency per fuel unit.

Left-Side Drive With Center Control

Any other than a left-side drive is not natural under American rules. It is a wonder that American motorists tolerated a right-side drive for so many years; a greater wonder that American manufacturers retained it.

The drive on the R-C-H is left side; the control is center lever—out of the way, yet convenient to the operator's right hand.

The body is the graceful, roomy English type, recently made a feature of a few of the highest-priced American cars.

Greater accessibility; greater interchangeability due to the extensive use of drop forgings; ideal spring arrangement; perfect braking system—there are dozens of R-C-H features that must be seen to be appreciated.

Let us show them to you.

General R-C-H Specifications

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3½ inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Drop-forged steel connecting rods. Iron frame with gear case, clutch, wheel base, etc. Control—Center lever operated through a lever, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full-elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. Frame—Pressed steel channel. Axles—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. Body—English type, extra wide front seats. Wheelbase—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

R-C-H CORPORATION, 109 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches: BOSTON, 563 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.; CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.; CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.; DENVER, 1520 Broadway; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.; KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.; LOS ANGELES, 1242 South Flower St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 330 North Broad St.; ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.

Mr. Durgan

(Continued from page 32)

a trace of the slowing-up action one would expect. Then it passed. Mr. Durgan sat on the front seat and he never even turned to look at my house. Beside him sat Mrs. Shorting, and naturally she did not turn either. The car whizzed past, and in a moment one could almost have dreamed that it had been there.

PERHAPS it was unmaidenly of me in that moment when I renounced Mr. Durgan forever to wonder where he and Mrs. Shorting were going—now that he was nothing to me. The way they were driving would take them past Micajah Carter's and Major Lee's, and on to Charlottesville and perhaps to a dozen places besides. I tried not to think of them at all—only Mr. Durgan could not come into a person's life and then be put out by a mere effort of will, especially with that vision of Mrs. Shorting sitting beside him.

Fortunately I was not left long to my effort, for some ladies called, and then more of them came to discuss the unbearable pass to which Mrs. Shorting had brought things in each individual family, and how no one ever wanted to see her again, and it was all such a bad example for the children. While they were still with me, I heard the motor car coming back, but again it did not stop. Under pretense of arranging a blind, I went to the window and looked out, for the moon was pretty bright, and while I had given Mr. Durgan up forever, yet I did want to see if she was still on the seat beside him. The car passed too quickly, however, for me to tell.

MORE and more ladies arrived till all most everyone was present except Nannie Lee. They said their husbands had got to such a state that it was nothing to them now whether they had the society of their wives or not. Most of the ladies were attended by little niggers with lanterns to light them home.

After they had gone I did not sleep much, trying not to think about Mr. Durgan. I got up very early to make myself a cup of tea, for it is bracing even when one has to face the world alone. I opened all the doors and windows wide, for one must have air even when one's world has gone to pieces, and then, as I bent over my little samovar, I heard Mr. Durgan's car. I shut my eyes. I didn't care now whether she was beside him or not. Of course I heard the car stop; but I kept my eyes shut while his footsteps came nearer. Then I heard him in the doorway, but I did not turn round. He said, in a low, mighty sweet voice:

"Sallie Rives, Sallie Rives, I hope you know how hard it was for me not to turn my head toward you when I felt your presence on the porch last night? I knew that if I did, I'd jump out of the car and let it and Mrs. Shorting go to destruction."

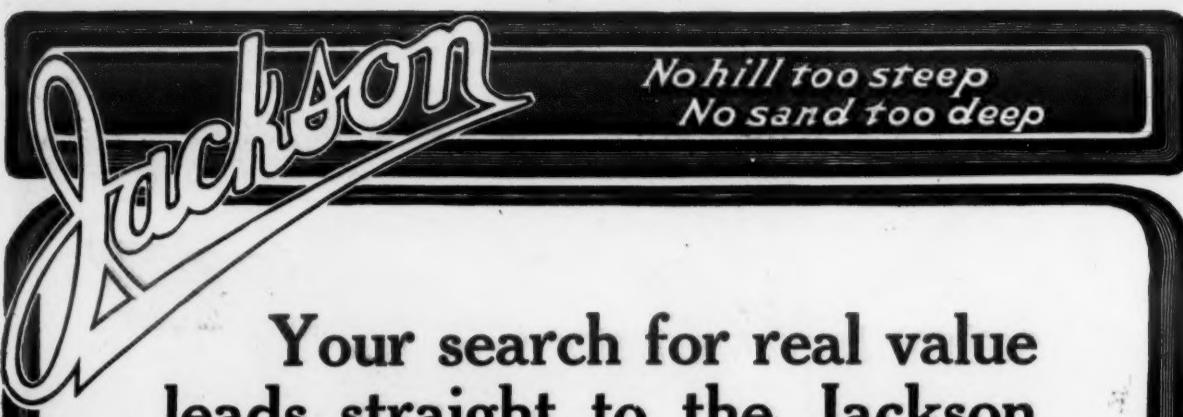
WHEN Mr. Durgan says things like that, so tactful and winning, I wonder if he hasn't been engaged before; but, of course, I never have asked him for fear of finding out.

"I need not tell you that I was on important business," said Mr. Durgan, "and if it had not been for my belief in your trust and intuition I should have come back at two in the morning, when my Charlottesville business was over, to explain everything. Put on your hat, Sallie Rives. We have an engagement to breakfast in Charlottesville."

When a person feels like saying twenty things at once, and is not sure that it's safe to say anything at all, the best plan to follow is to obey the suggestions of some confident man. So I simply put on my hat like he said, and got into the motor car. And because I was so afraid of saying something I really meant, or was really interested in, I talked to Mr. Durgan all the way to Charlottesville about what the ladies of our community had told me the night before in regard to the casting out of Mrs. Shorting. I will confess that it was a relief to me to show Mr. Durgan in this indirect way my opinion of his habit of carrying off things with a high hand. I could not say what I wanted to, which was:

"How dare you drive out at all hours of the night with another woman, attractive in her crude way I will admit, and then expect me by intuition to understand and approve? How dare you assume that a properly brought up Southern lady looks at things in your masculine Northern way?"

But I could show him that by his notions about hot bread and indigestion, new cookery and Mrs. Shorting, he had all but disrupted our little society. So I told



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HERE are the facts—the Jackson gives you the most, in every essential detail, for a given price.

The most in reputation

For ten years we have been building automobiles—cars of consistently high quality; which have earned for the Jackson national name and fame as a car of consistently good service. Each year we have learned; each year we have progressed; each year we have built better cars.

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Wheelbase of 124 inches—ten feet and four inches—in the Model "52" at \$1800; 118 inches in the Model "45" at \$1650; 110 inches in the Model "32" at \$1100. Long wheelbase means long bodies—wider doors—more room—and greater comfort.

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The most in riding ease

Extremely flexible and easy action assured by the four full elliptic springs on each Jackson model; and the riding ease thus gained increased by big wheels and tires, and long wheelbase. From 33½ to 100 percent greater ability to absorb road shocks than the types of springs most generally used.

The most in style, finish, appearance

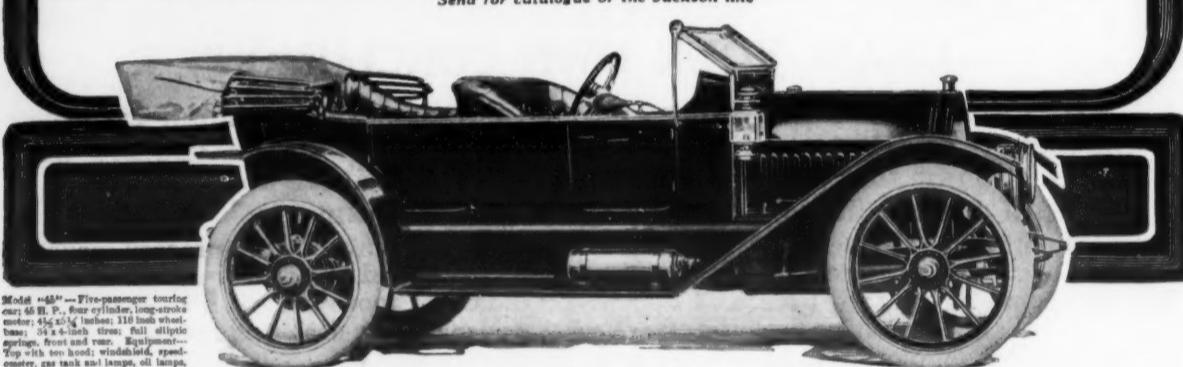
Flush-sided bodies, with all levers and door handles inside; long, low, clean-cut lines—true expression of the torpedo body idea. Perfect carriage work and all upholstery of the highest grade of leather.

All we ask of you is to make the Jackson your standard in your search for the greatest value and in your comparisons.

If you will do this, without favor or prejudice, and if your idea is to get the most for your investment, we predict that you will become a Jackson owner.

JACKSON AUTOMOBILE CO., 1110 E. Main St., Jackson, Mich.

Send for catalogue of the Jackson line



Model "52"—Five-passenger touring car: 45 H. P., four cylinder, long-stroke motor; 4½ x 5½ inch bore; 116 inch wheelbase; 34 x 4-inch tires; full elliptic springs; front and rear. Big motor—45 with 118 inch wheelbase. Windshield, speedometer, gas tank and lamp, oil lamp, cost rail and tools—\$1650.

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After Moose in New Brunswick

(Continued from page 14)

The next morning it was raining as if it were the first storm after a long drought, and as we felt sure that no sensible moose would wander around much amid such a frozen downpour, we determined to put in a day after beaver. In one of my long tramps with Bill we had come across a large beaver pond, and at the time Bill had remarked how easy it would be to break the dam and shoot the beaver. I had carefully noted the location of this pond, so managed successfully to pilot Willie to it, and we set to work to let the water out. This breaking the dam was not the easy matter I had imagined. It was a big pond, and the dam that was stretched across its lower

end was from eight to ten feet high. To look at its solid structure and the size of the logs that formed it, it seemed inconceivable that an animal the size of a beaver could have built it. The water was above our heads, and there was a crust of ice around the edges. We had to get in and work waist deep in the water to enlarge our break in the dam, and the very remembrance of that cold morning's work, trying to pry out logs with frozen fingers, makes me shiver. It was even worse when we had to stop work and wait and watch for the beavers to come out. They finally did, and I shot two. They were fine large specimens; the male was just two inches less than four feet and the female only one inch shorter. Shivering and frozen, we headed back for camp. My hunting costume had caused a good deal of comment among the guides; it consisted of a sleeveless cotton undershirt, a many-pocketed coat, a pair of short khaki trousers reaching to just above my knees, and then a pair of sneakers or of high boots—I used the former when I wished to walk quietly. My knees were always bare and were quite as impervious to cold as my hands, but the guides could never understand why I didn't freeze. I used to hear them solemnly discussing it in their broken French.

I had at first hoped to get my moose by fair stalking, without the help of calling, but I had long since abandoned that hope; and Willie, who was an excellent caller, had been doing his best, but with no result. We saw several cow moose, and once Willie called out a young bull, but his horns could not have had a spread of more than thirty-five inches, and he would have been quite useless as a museum specimen. Another time, when we were crawling up to a lake not far from the river, we found ourselves face to face with a two-year-old bull. He was very close to us, but as he hadn't got our wind, he was merely curious to find out what we were, for Willie kept grunting through his birchbark horn. Once he came up to within twenty feet of us and stood gazing.



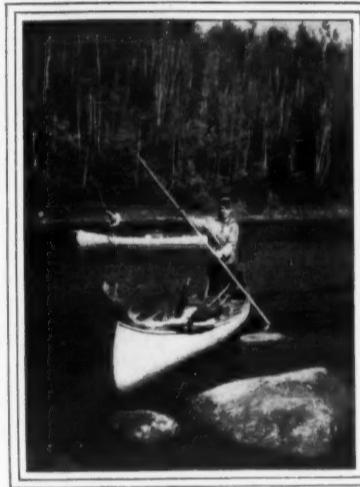
Popple Cabin

Finally he got our wind and crashed off through the lakeside alders.

As a rule, moose answer a call better at night, and almost every night we could hear them calling around our camp; generally they were cows that we heard, and once Willie had a duel with a cow as to which should have a young bull that we could hear in an alder thicket, smashing the bushes with his horns. Willie finally triumphed, and the bull headed toward us with a most disconcerting rush; next morning we found his tracks at the edge of the clearing not more than twenty yards from where we had been standing; at that point the camp smoke and smells had proved more convincing than Willie's calling horn.

Late one afternoon I had a good opportunity to watch some beaver at work. We had crawled cautiously up to a small lake in the vain hope of finding a moose, when we came upon some beaver close to the shore. Their house was twenty or thirty yards away, and they were bringing out a supply of wood, chiefly poplar, for winter food. To and fro they swam, pushing the wood in front of them. Occasionally one would feel hungry, and then he would stop and start eating the bark from the log he was pushing. It made me shiver to watch them lying lazily in that icy water.

I had already stayed longer than I intended, and the day was rapidly approaching when I should have to start down river. Even the cheerful Willie was getting discouraged, and instead of accounts of the miraculous bags hunters made at the end of their trips, I began to be told of people who were unfortunate enough to go out without anything. I made up my mind to put in the last few days hunting from the Popple Cabin, so one rainy noon, after a morning's hunt along the river, we shouldered our packs and tramped off to the little cabin from which Bill and I had hunted. Willie was with us, and we left him to dry out the cabin while we went off to try a late afternoon's hunt. As we were climbing the hill from which Bill and I used to watch the little pond, Willie caught sight of a moose on the side of a hill a mile away. One look through our field glasses convinced us it was a good bull. A deep wooded valley intervened, and down into it we started at headlong speed, and up the other side we panting. As we neared where we believed the moose to be, I slowed down in order to get my wind in case I had to do some quick shooting. I soon picked up the moose and managed to signal to him to stop. The moose was walking along at the edge of the woods somewhat over two hundred yards to our left. The wind was favorable, so I decided to try to get nearer before shooting. It was a mistake, for which I came close to paying dearly;



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After Moose

(Continued from page 36)

suddenly, and without any warning, the great animal swung into the woods and disappeared before I could get ready to shoot.

Willie had his birch-bark horn with him and he tried calling, but instead of coming toward us, we could hear the moose moving off in the other direction. The woods were dense, and all chance seemed to have gone. With a really good tracker, such as are to be found among some of the African tribes, the task would have been quite simple, but neither Willie nor I was good enough. We had given up hope when we heard the moose grunt on the hillside above us. Hurrying toward the sound, we soon came into more open country. I saw him in a little glade to our right; he looked most impressive as he stood there, nearly nineteen hands at the withers, shaking his antlers and staring at us; I dropped to my knee and shot, and that was the first that Willie knew of our quarry's presence. He didn't go far after my first shot, but several more were necessary before he fell. We hurried up to examine him; he was not yet dead, and when we were half a dozen yards away, he staggered to his feet and started for us, but he fell before he could reach us. Had I shot him the first day I might have had some compunction at having put an end to such a huge, handsome animal, but as it was I had no such feelings. We had hunted long and hard, and luck had been consistently against us.

Real Work

OUR chase had led us back in a quartering direction toward camp, which was now not more than a mile away; so Willie went to get Wirre, while I set to work to take the measurements and start on the skinning. Taking off a whole moose hide is no light task, and it was well after dark before we got it off. We estimated the weight of the green hide as well over a hundred and fifty pounds, but probably less than two hundred. We bundled it up as well as we could in some pack straps, and as I seemed best suited to the task, I fastened it on my back.

The sun had gone down, and that mile back to camp, crawling over dead falls and tripping on stones, was one of the longest I have ever walked. The final descent down the almost perpendicular hillside was the worst. When I fell, the skin was so heavy and such a clumsy affair that I couldn't get up alone unless I could find a tree to help me; but generally Willie would start me off again. When I reached the cabin, in spite of the cold night air, my clothes were as wet as if I had been in swimming. After they had taken the skin off my shoulders, I felt as if I had nothing to hold me down to earth, and might at any moment go soaring into the air.

Another Trophy

NEXT morning I packed the skin down to the main camp, about three miles, but I found it a much easier task in the daylight. After working for a while on the skin, I set off to look for a cow moose, but, as is always the case, where they had abounded before, there was none to be found now that we wanted one.

The next day we spent tramping over the barren hillsides after caribou. Willie caught a glimpse of one, but it disappeared into a pine forest before we could come up with it. On the way back to camp I shot a deer for meat on our way down the river.

I had determined to have one more try for a cow moose, and next morning was just going off to hunt some lakes when we caught sight of an old cow standing on the opposite bank of the river about half a mile above us. We crossed and hurried up along the bank, but when we reached the bog where she had been standing she had disappeared. There was a lake not far from the river bank, and we thought that she might have gone to it, for we felt sure we had not frightened her. As we reached the lake we saw her standing at the edge of the woods on the other side, half hidden in the trees. I fired and missed, but as she turned to make off I broke her hind quarter. After going a little distance she circled back to the lake and went out to stand in the water. We portaged a canoe from the river and took some pictures before finishing the cow. At the point where she fell the banks of the lake were so steep that we had to give up the attempt to haul the carcass out. I therefore set to work to get the skin off where the cow lay in the water. It was a slow, cold task, but finally I finished and we set off downstream, Wirre in one

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After Moose

(Concluded from page 37)

canoe and Willie and myself in the other. According to custom, the moose head was laid in the bow of our canoe, with the horns curving out on either side.

The End of the Road

WE had been in the woods for almost a month, and in that time we had seen the glorious changes from summer to fall and fall to early winter, for the trees were leafless and bare. Robinson's lines kept running through my head as we sped downstream through the frosty autumn day:

Come away! come away! there's a frost along the marshes,
And a frozen wind that skims the shoal where it shakes the dead black water;
There's a moan across the lowland, and a wailing through the woodland
Of a dirge that sings to send us back to the arms of those that love us.
There is nothing left but ashes now where the crimson chills of autumn
Put off the summer's languor, with a touch that made us glad
For the glory that is gone from us, with a flight we cannot follow,
To the slopes of other valleys, and the sounds of other shores.

Kinky Larkin

(Continued from page 18)

can get," I encouraged warmly. "You're going to make good—I feel it in my bones."

KINKY gave me a very boyish and happy smile in return for this, and told me about his job. He had wasted no time in looking for one, but took the first thing that came to hand—herding sheep at \$45 a month and board. Everything about it, though, he had to learn from the ground up.

Wyoming, when I first knew it, was distinctly a cattle country, but a few large ranchmen, fired by the stories floating over the border from Colorado, were trying sheep. The typical cattlemen of that day hated sheep as he hated rattlesnakes; worse, I've heard many of them say. He hated them for the way they ate the feed down to the roots; he hated their blitting; he hated their silly faces and sillier actions; and the smell of sheep made him froth at the mouth. There was also a myth, constantly circulated by the cattlemen, that cattle wouldn't eat after sheep on the range. They didn't eat after sheep, for the plain reason that there was nothing left to eat.

KINKY made no pretense at affection for the animals themselves, but said he thought he "saw a good thing in sheep," and gave me elaborate explanations. He saw he was making an early start in an industry likely to develop into great proportions, and he was laying up capital besides.

A year's work on the range would net him \$540 in cash, from which he calculated to deduct \$40 for clothes and incidentals—all he allowed himself. With \$500 of his own, he could borrow from the bank or one of the rich ranchers; or else, by putting up his \$500 and a year's labor against \$1,000 in a partnership deal, he could obtain a very sizable bunch of sheep on his own account the second year.

Range was free—miles and miles of it; game was plenty, and his living, when working for himself, would come down to about \$2 a week, and this he proposed to get by taking extra sheep for some one else to run along with his. A very shrewd and promising plan, it struck me, and his second year, if he carried it out, would find him an independent owner and on the way to a small fortune—maybe a large one, for you never can tell.

HE wanted me to recommend some books he could be studying as he walked with his sheep through the long days on the range, and he seemed disappointed that I suggested only a speller and grammar, with Dickens, Scott, and Stevenson as general reading if he could get them. Such was the force of his young ambition, he believed he could master the whole grammar-school curriculum the first year—without a teacher—and prepare himself for college the second.

I discouraged this notion strongly, urging him to learn a few useful things solidly and await the opportunity for ad-



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(Continued from page 38)

vancement. He rode away, after a long talk, in high feather and a cloud of dust.

IT was, as nearly as I now remember, during the latter part of August that rumors began to circulate in our part of the country that the cattle and sheep war had broken out up North. Two herders were shot dead and their three thousand sheep stampeded to all quarters of the range; masked desperadoes had ridden into another camp, tied and beaten the Mexican herder, and scattered his sheep like so many dried leaves; another camp had been raided and thousands of sheep run over a precipice, to die in a heap at the bottom—these were the stories. The sheep men were all wondering which one of them would "get in next"; the cattle-men were all saying it served the sheepmen right for bringing such filthy beasts into the country.

For two months now I had heard nothing of Kinky, except a postal that told me he was "doing fine" and that a book I lent him—"Oliver Twist"—was "grand." But I was not concerning myself for his welfare. His range lay far to the south of us, and the country was peaceable.

In September the cattle war struck Kinky's camp.

WITH a curious instinct for danger some plainsmen seem to have, Kinky had been feeling that trouble was likely to "blow in" on him any night, and for a full week previous he had been making preparations. The sheep he bedded close to the sheep wagon, and by way of ambush for himself, made his own bed beneath it. He hung a piece of tarpaulin in a careless manner over two wheels, piling some empty boxes on the other side in such a way as to conceal him from a casual glance, particularly after nightfall.

He then stuffed a pair of old overalls and a shirt with sagebrush, tying another bunch of it in a handkerchief for a head. He clipped a bit of sheepskin, dyeing it in coffee for the hair—a very beautiful imitation of his own—and laid the effigy in his bunk in the wagon, face to the rear, back to the door.

"Them fellas knowed it was me, all right, soon's they seen my hair," Kinky afterward explained with glee.

The men had located his camp by daylight—it could be seen for miles on the open plains—and reached it easily under cover of darkness. One of them carried an electric torch.

Kinky was sleeping with one eye open when his visitors arrived. Quiet as they were, he heard them; from his concealment he saw the wary flash of their light as they reconnoitered for the steps of the wagon, and he made out by the reflection from the white canvas two pairs of legs.

HE had been careful to close the wagon door. One of the men mounted the steps to open it, the other standing on the ground. Inch by inch Kinky heard it pushed back; then a whisper: "It's Kinky—he's sleepin'."

Kinky's quick mind instantly took in the contingencies confronting him: If they shot and ran, all right—he'd get back at them from under cover while they were scattering the sheep; but if they only meant to pull him out of bed and rope him up, they'd be after him, two to one, in about a minute and a half. The idea of running away himself never entered his head—there were his sheep and he wouldn't desert them for fifty desperadoes.

Meanwhile he raised himself to a sitting position, then got on his hands and knees, ready for a rear retreat.

The whispers following the first words he could not make out. Both men now stood on the ground. One of them seemed to be arguing for, the other against a course. Finally he heard: "Then you spot him with the light and I'll plug him."

Followed a short silence and the steps of the wagon creaked—both men were going up together. Then Kinky made the most important calculation of his life.

Ten seconds later a shot rang out. One second later Kinky answered it, and two cursing, groaning bodies went writhing down the steps of the sheep wagon.

Kinky Larkin

(Continued from page 38)

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THEY had scarcely reached bottom when Kinky was astride them, riding the prostrate forms and yelling like a fiend to Tom, Dick, and Harry to bring ropes. What prompted this peculiar action he could never explain, only that he "knew it would work."

It seems to have—the men were utterly cowed and went limp. Kinky, still strad-

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INFORMATION FOR POLICYHOLDERS clients is our proof of Patents that

Kinky Larkin

(Concluded from page 30)

dling them and yelling, got away a revolver from one and satisfied himself that the other weapon had probably been dropped in the tumble.

"Now, you fellas," Kinky admonished, "you got jest one chanct fer yer lives—*lay still*. If you so much as move yer toe nails, I'm goin' to tear you up to little bits an' use you fer coyote bait, an' you know I mean it."

HE struck a match, found the missing revolver and electric torch, got a rope, and trussed his men where they lay. His single shot had taken them both, not, be it confessed, through the heart as he had intended, but one below the collar bone, the other some inches to the side and higher. But the coffee-dyed sheepskin showed a neat hole through the center.

With the coming of daylight, Kinky, who had been soundly sleeping for the first time in a week, realized that he had somewhat of a problem on his hands. He was alone on the range with his sheep and there was no house nearer than fifteen miles. Consigned to his keeping were twenty-seven hundred sheep, worth, at a rough estimate, nearly \$10,000. To leave the sheep might mean to lose them; to leave the men might mean to lose them, and they weren't able to cover the distance on foot while Kinky herded them with the sheep and took them all over the plains together.

It looked for a time as though he had them on his hands to nurse and feed with a spoon till the camp mover came round, which mightn't be for two weeks.

KINKY got breakfast and, grinning, poured coffee down his guests' throats and stuffed bread into their mouths.

"Well, now, you fellas," he began jocularly when the meal was over, "you got yourselves into this here shootin' match, so you better be thinkin' up some way out of it. I ain't thought of any 'cept leavin' you here fer coyote bait while I go fer the sheriff an' the coroner an' send 'em back here fer to view the remains."

"Show a little humanity," groaned one man.

"I guess!" snorted Kinky, pointing with his thumb in the direction of his bunk.

The plan finally evolved was to tie both men on their horses, Kinky leading them behind him, and driving the sheep before; and this was the outfit that appeared at the next ranch late in the afternoon—Kinky, the conqueror, preceded and heralded by twenty-seven hundred sheep, followed by two meek, very sick desperadoes on horseback, their hands tied behind them, their feet wired into their stirrups.

"Aw, that was nothing," said Kinky afterward. "They hadn't no fight in 'em anyway."

The end of the affair was a pleasant surprise to him, though. He had looked at it all as part of his day's work on his job, but his owner looked at it more generously and did an unheard-of thing. "You have saved me a lot of sheep," he told Kinky. "Maybe half, maybe all of 'em, I don't know. Anyway, you go and pick out a hundred of the best of the bunch and put your brand on 'em."

With that gift Kinky became an independent sheep man and had his start toward fortune.

KINKY was now the hero of the hour. The news of his doing spread over the country and reached the fair damsel of his choice on one side and me on the other. I wrote him a note of congratulation, which I trusted mostly to Providence and partly to the United States postal service to deliver to him, for he was out on the range again, still with the same flock.

In the course of a few weeks I received a reply, scrawled in pencil, yet showing that his self-tuition in grammar and spelling were beginning to count—a very characteristic letter, very much *Kinky*. He shot off his statements in the same old bull's-eye way, one being: "When I sell my bunch of sheep I got money enough to go to college." He said nothing of his recent adventure, but filled his letter with comments on the books he had been reading, and asked if I couldn't get him "another by the author of 'Oliver Twist,'" which elated me, and I did up a few old volumes I thought would be good for him, and consigned them to the same care that had carried him my letter.

I hoped that his fair Flora had been as considerate as myself in writing to him, and it came my way presently to learn that she had. Her cousin, a Miss Batty, got an appointment to teach at a neighboring ranch, and I got some sidelights on Kinky's romance.

It appeared that the other young man's attentions were now patent and supported by the girl's mother; but from one or two hints, I gathered that Flora's maiden fancies were running strongly toward her young hero of the ranges, yet she was too devoted to her mother to oppose her wishes. I felt sorry for the older woman—not so sorry as I had done a while back; at the same time I was bound to boost for Kinky hard as ever I could.

Miss Batty didn't need much help from me to set her own youthful heart ablaze with enthusiasm, and before I got through with her I believe she'd have married the boy on the spot for the asking. She had never seen Kinky, so my task was easy. I thought a little well-managed feminine rivalry at this stage of the game would act as a counterirritant and help matters along for Kinky, and I saw he needed it.

Miss Batty thought that Flora and the other young man were already engaged. I suspected that her own sweet dreams were causing her to turn the wish into the deed. But even so, my faith in Kinky's cause was so strong I'd have kept on hoping for him to the very altar rail and the fatal word.

I WAS working out a little scheme of my own—that is, get Miss Flora out to visit her cousin, send for Kinky, and settle the whole thing out of hand away from other influences—when all and everybody's plans collapsed in a heap.

The other young man took Flora out riding one Saturday afternoon. They left the road for a short cut across the plains. Her horse, at full gallop a little ahead of his, stepped in a badger hole and threw her. His horse thundered over her, leaving her crushed and senseless.

The doctors said she might live and she mightn't. If she lived she would probably be crippled for life. Only time and long expensive treatment would show.

That same night the young man, without farewells to anyone, boarded an eastbound express and was heard of no more.

Kinky brought me the news. As he came clattering up and swung off his horse, I read the shock of it in his face.

"Something's happened—" I exclaimed, checking the name that rose to my lips.

He nodded.

"We can go down by the creek and talk," I suggested. He followed without a word, as he had on that other day, months before. This time there were no side glances, only a set look straight ahead.

WE sat on the same bank where I had put his revolver beyond his reach. I thought of the incident and marveled. The Kinky who sat with me now after these few short weeks was years and years older. All the undisciplined, impulsive youth was gone. He was a stern man, absolutely true. He had found himself.

There were no outbursts as he told the story until he came to where the man had sneaked away in the night. Then Kinky swallowed as though his mouth was parched, and deep in his throat said: "Damn him—the cur!" He paused after those words and added triumphantly: "She's mine now."

I'm willing to admit that my thrill then wasn't altogether of romance. The middle-aged point of view leaps beyond the sentiments of the hour to the workings of everyday life. Kinky married to a helpless cripple!—it didn't seem right. He deserved a better fate.

I suggested this very delicately—not that he shouldn't do it, but only what would he do if he married her?

He brushed it all aside with a gesture: "Haven't I got these two arms?—haven't I got these two hands to work for her?" He cried with the old passionateness: "I'd die for her any day."

"Yes—but—" I began.

"But," he retorted, "I got the money to take care of her now—I sold my sheep. She'll git all right with me to pay the doctor bills and love her. She ain't hurt so bad but what I can find a way to git her cured. I always done everything I set out to do—I can do this."

I ASSENTED heartily, and he reached and took my hand in both his. I felt very small beside him.

"I'll be in Laramie to-night," he said with eager tenderness, "and if she's able to set up I'm goin' to marry her tomorrow."

"I'm glad," was all I could answer. He looked as though he had more to say, and I sat perfectly still.

"I told her I'd win her in a fair fight," he finished, "and I guess the Lord has give me just this chanct to show her I'm a white man."



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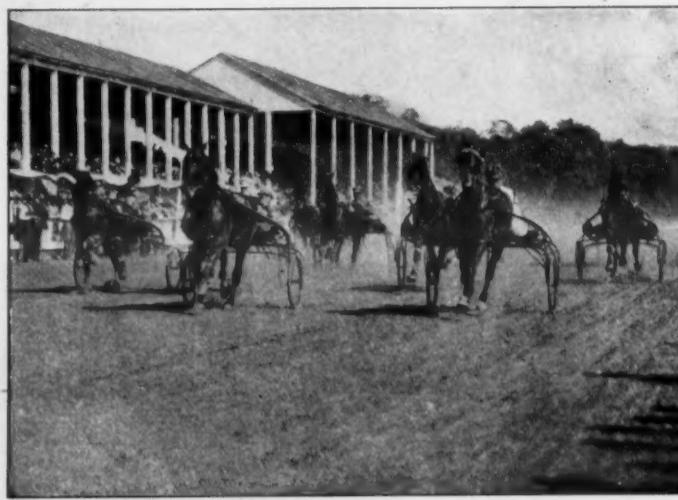
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The Gianellis

(Concluded from page 12)

sister Mary. When I came in for dinner at six o'clock one Sunday, I found that she had been waiting for me here since four. She wanted me to help her learn dressmaking, and the aid that we had given Tony had evidently brought her to us. The two-hour wait had not discouraged her; I found that she had been planning the visit for two months and saving for it, with all the patience of the true peasant.

She looked as if she might have come to me out of the fields—a sixteen-year-old girl of a robust beauty, with large calm eyes, very black strong hair, and a healthy color. She was a little stooped, from working at a sewing machine; she finished men's coats, at ten cents each, she said; and she earned about three dollars a week by incessant diligence.

She wanted to go to the Trade School to learn dressmaking, and she had heard that it was possible to get a scholarship that should take the place of her wages while she was learning. Without some such assistance she could not go. The family needed her three dollars a week; and she had no time for study after work hours, because she worked day and night to earn the three dollars.

She went on to confess, guiltily, that she had been for months keeping back part of her earnings from her mother in the hope that she might save enough to put herself through the course in dressmaking. By doing overtime, by misrepresenting her earnings, by stinting herself in all the small expenditures that were allowed her, she had accumulated—How much?

We were in a shadowed corner of the room. She fumbled in her skirt pocket and drew out her purse, handling it like a young miser, bending over it avidly with her stooped shoulders as she opened it and drew out a folded bill. She gave the bill to me, folded, in silence, breathlessly, with her big eyes fixed on my face, a sort of exultation brightening her guilt, her hand trembling.

I unfolded it. It was a dollar bill.

I HAVE seen a good deal of poverty since I began this settlement work. I never really understood what poverty could mean till I looked up from that hoarded dollar and saw Mary slowly taking breath, with all that tremendous emotion quivering in her lips. It was an emotion that had nothing sordid in it. And it was not merely tragical to see. It was nearer what the ancients called "the sublime." It was beautiful and horrible and pathetic. For want of voice to carry off the situation, I moved to the seat beside her and put an arm around her, and squeezed the bill back into her hand.

Her father was dead, she told me; and she and Tony and her elder sister Lucia and her big brother Mike all worked to support the home. Lucia was a coat maker, but very expert; she sometimes made as much as a dollar a day. Mike carved umbrella handles, sometimes at home, sometimes in a shop; and he could make fifteen dollars a week in the busy seasons. But he was going to be married, and he had been saving his money to that end; so she and Lucia and Tony had to support their mother and pay their rent themselves.

The foreign visitor to this country is at once impressed with the fact that we are "the best-dressed people in the world." Some day when you are walking down Fifth Avenue, admiring the general appearance of prosperity, continue to Washington Square and cross it to Sullivan Street, and look around you at the Gianellis. They give us our cheap clothes. When they are very expert at sewing up men's coats, they can earn as much as a dollar a day.

I TALKED over, with Mary, the possibility of getting her a scholarship, and then sent her home to dinner with the promise that I would call on her mother next day to discuss ways and means with her. I had to assure Mary, on my soul, that I would not tell about her defalcation—her stolen dollar. She had not put it back in her purse. She had concealed it in her bosom, furtively.

When I called on the Gianellis, I found them living in one of the more comfortable of the "new-law" tenements. The halls did not look noticeably unclean, but they were not heated, and they had the cold, sour, cheesy odor of a dirty ice box. This odor and appearance prevailed in the Gianelli's front room, which had evidently been house-cleaned for my visit. I judged that it was the family workshop, but everything except the sewing machine and some straight-backed chairs had been removed. The walls were gay with embossed "cut-out" calendars,

in the gaudiest colors. The floor was carpeted with kitchen linoleum. There were no curtains. Over the wooden mantel hung a conspicuous "crayon enlargement" of Mike—and his curled mustache—in the regalia of an Italian benevolent society.

He was in a sweater, and much embarrassed by his negligee. He did not look much more than twenty-three, and he was obviously a lady-killer, but quite ingenuously so. Mrs. Gianelli was perhaps forty, and as wrinkled as an old witch; she spoke no word of English, but all that her children said to me she accompanied with smiles and nods, alert and ingratiating. Lucia was out. Tony was tongue-tied. Mary introduced me and acted as my interpreter throughout.

IT was she who showed me Mike's hand-carved guitar, the body of which he had covered with an intricate chasing in an all-over design. He played on it for me, standing with one foot on the rung of a chair, in a romantic posture. When I pressed him to play again, he disappeared hurriedly to another room, and after a few minutes returned in a white shirt and collar, but without a necktie, coat, or vest. His white shirt was protruding at the back, and his mother tucked it in while he continued with an air from grand opera, oblivious to her.

They were all more or less musical. I found, subsequently, that they spent as much as \$25 in a year for seats in the gallery of the Metropolitan. I found also that Lucia, who was in love, paid fifty cents a pair for silk stockings that ordinarily wore out in two weeks. I found that, like all these kind-hearted Italians, they were continually subscribing to aid the misfortunes of neighbors overtaken by calamity; and I gathered that Mike's marriage was going to be as grand and expensive an affair as a benevolent society funeral.

Here they were, in fact, of a generous, kindly, and artistic race, in the midst of a civilization that penalized every amiable weakness by which life is made anything more than a brutal struggle for existence. Mike was going to marry at twenty-odd, and entertain all his friends at the wedding feast; and his children would have to sell themselves—as his brothers and sisters had—for the wages of a working animal. Lucia would probably marry at nineteen, and her sons would follow Tony into the steam laundry and her daughters have the same emotion over a dollar that Mary had had. They wanted a life with music in it, and love and benevolence; and when they were young and beautiful they would slave for half a day for a pair of silk stockings. They were in competition with a race that married late and raised few children, that schemed and saved and invested shrewdly—denying themselves everything but the joy of overreaching their neighbors—until they had money to buy the labor of the Gianellis at the price of luxury. Our American life is criticized as the ugliest in the world. We need in it just such qualities as the Gianellis can contribute. But we treat them exactly as a tribe of predatory Iroquois would treat their gentler neighbors. We enslave them.

I DID not argue with them that they should not spend money on Mike's wedding festivity. I knew it would be as useless as to try to convince them that he was not in a position to marry at all. I talked over the possibility of getting Mary a scholarship and of finding a way to raise money to replace her wages until the scholarship money should begin to be paid. They accepted my aid as cheerfully as they would have given it if our places in life had been changed. They poured a little wine for me and apologized because it was not as rich as it might have been. Mary played a faltering air on the guitar, encouraged by Mike; and he sang for me with a proud rolling of the voice. They would not let me leave until I had promised to come to Mike's wedding. He is married now, and Mary is studying dressmaking, and Lucia expects to marry next fall. They are all, of course, quite doomed and hopeless from our commercial point of view. Every field of our life is cultivated, as you might say, according to the law of "the survival of the fittest" and "let us alone." The fittest under our conditions is the weed that can choke out most of its neighbors and spread itself, like the cocklebur, over the social wheat. And the Gianellis go down in poverty and sickness, and drag us with them to all the ills that poverty and sickness breed in a community.

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We Control It

This braided wire feature, which makes this type possible, is controlled by the Goodyear patents.

Single wires have been used—twisted wires have been used—to get this unstretchable tire base. But results are unsatisfactory.

These bands of braided wires, which need no welding—which cannot break or loosen—form the only way known to make satisfactory tires of this type.

No-Rim-Cut tires are satisfactory. Be careful to get them when you change to this type.

When this tire is wholly or partly deflated the thin edge of the flange digs into it. That is the cause of rim-cutting.

On Same Rims

This old-type tire—this clincher tire—is on the same rim as the No-Rim-Cut tire.

All standard rims take either type.

But the removable rim flanges are here set to curve inward—to grasp the hooks in the tire base and hold the tire on.

When this tire is wholly or partly deflated the thin edge of the flange digs into it. That is the cause of rim-cutting.

If this tire is punctured or run soft, it may be wrecked very quickly, and beyond repair.

Doubled Cost

This type of tire, under average conditions, means to double one's tire cost over our new type.

It comes in this way:

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim cut.

And the smaller capacity, with the average car, cuts tire mileage 25 per cent.

These are net losses, because No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires.

The 13-Year Tire

Goodyear tires as made today are the final result of 13 years spent in tire making.

We have compared in that time some 240 formulas and fabrics. We have compared every method of wrapping and vulcanizing.

They have been compared on tire testing machines, where four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions.

Thus we also compare all rival tires with our own.

The result is a tire which comes close to finality.

When this tire is made oversize—made so it can't rim-cut—it means the utmost in pneumatic tires.

Some 200,000 tire buyers have proved this. No-Rim-Cut tires have thus become the most popular tires in existence.

Our 1912 Tire Book, based on all our experience, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOOD **YEAR**
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

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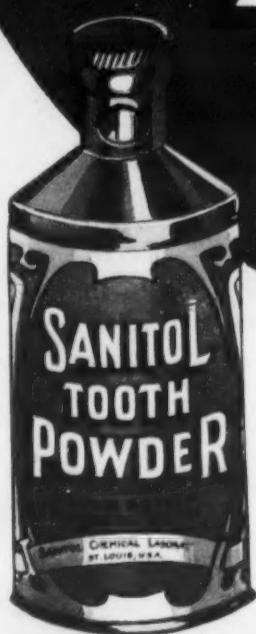
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*Consult your dentist regularly
-always use*

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE

**Makes white teeth
and a pure mouth**



If you expect to find any dentifrice that will do away with the necessity of keeping your dentist in touch with the health of your teeth by occasional calls for examination and "repairs," you are vitally mistaken. Do not expect this result from the use of Sanitol Tooth Powder or Paste. But they will make your dentist's work lighter, the pain less, by keeping your teeth in the best condition that a perfectly cleansing, antacid and germicidal dentifrice possibly can. Your dentist is vitally necessary to the retention of perfect, sound and healthy teeth—Sanitol is his ablest assistant.

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of Sanitol Tooth Powder or Paste, Face Cream, Talcum Powder, Sanitol Liquid or Shampoo sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4 cents to pay postage and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis, Mo.